The Times.

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

VOL. II.} NO. 40.} GREENSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1857. {WHOLE NO. 91.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE TIMES.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH;

A STORY OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY MRS. L. M. HUTCHINSON.

On the morning that Lewis commenced to act in his new capacity as a clerk, he found as he cast a glance at his dressing table, a well-filled purse, on which was inscribed his name. He felt that the donors were not far remote either in distance or feeling—and that it was the result of the sympathy of "the Order" who had so contributed to his need. He determined nevertheless to receive it only as a loan.

And now he had been in his new sphere of duty, but a short time, before he became quite a favorite, giving even more than entire satisfaction to all concerned. His first leisure moments too, were spent in writing this good news to Carrie. He referred also to his past trials and how "the brothers of the Order" had sprung to his relief when hope had died within him and life even was fast ebbing away.

Lewis had procured board on the most limited, and yet respectable scale, and by strict economy he was soon enabled to lay by small sums of money. But now temptations began to await him. Other young men beginning to get acquainted with him his natural reserve became less and less. Hence this proposal and that one was made to him—"that he should go to the theatre"—"to the dancing party"—"or to the gambling table." At first he felt that it was best to yield; as otherwise he might lose his popularity.

Notwithstanding his reserve, Lewis was fond of Company and therefore to decline these allurements was quite a trial, but the more he reflected, the more he thought it best to forego the invitations and solicitations which he received from his associates, to visit any place of a questionable character. Nor in the meantime did he forget his lovely Carrie, whose influence over him was like that of a guardian angel.

As night came he was usually found at home, or engaged in the discussions of some Debating Society or the proceedings of a Lodge. Still he was thinking of the future, and the greatest aspiration of his heart, of the professional kind, was to pursue the study of law that if possible he might become eminent in this line and worthy of the lovely image which he ever bore in mind.

Amongst his friends most prominent of all was Dr. Sewall—first and last, the one indeed that stuck "closer than a natural brother."

About this time he received a letter from Carrie. She spoke in glowing terms of her brother, but a cloud of sadness seemed to darken her spirit, and she made no reference to the epistle which he had sent her. In his reply he enquired why she had thus neglected to notice his last letter and suggested, that it might have miscarried.

In the meantime Carrie began to feel alarmed in regard to her father's estate, under the management of her uncle; she felt that there was cause for apprehension for she was informed that the revenue from that source was hardly sufficient to supply her current necessities. Her uncle, too, she had heard had become a bankrupt, and she imagined that her father's property might have been swept away in the whirlpool that overwhelmed his. Her knave of a lawyer, too, had also stated in a letter to her, that the case was nearly a hopeless one, both in regard to her uncle's effects and her own! Such were the reports too that were brought to her ears—and true or false, it was impossible for her to ascertain as she had no kind friend to interpose and see. Her brother likewise, at this time required medical advice more than previously for now he was more delicate and often apparently near the grave and in consequence of this state of things Carrie felt more the loss of her property. Lewis Randall who now almost alone felt interested for her, wrote to her enquiring more minutely the state of her property and prospects, not for his own expected benefit, as selfishness was no trait of his character but that he might under any circumstances sympathise with her whether in joy or grief. No answer from Carrie still came. The letters from Lewis were always intercepted by her cousin, who himself had sought Carrie's hand—now being in maturer years. She, however, had never smiled on him and the more he advanced the more she repelled him.

Being thus in reduced circumstances she resorted to her needle—for the purpose of procuring the requisites needed for herself and her sickly brother. The lady with whom she had boarded, the distant relative to whom we have referred—whilst she remained with her, was kind to her and to her brother—but having now to go to England, Carrie, once wealthy and surrounded with every luxury, was now glad to find a homely home with a poor old lady residing at a little distance from the city.

Carrie disposed of the elegant furniture, with which her room at her uncle's had been furnished keeping only the more ordinary pieces, and such as were absolutely necessary to her comfort. Willie would carry her work home and bring back more in return. And could she have had one line from Lewis to cheer her in her lonely toils—she would even now have been happier than when in her uncle's princely mansion!

At this time Willie would gather fuel here and there, as occasion offered, and sometimes unknown to Carrie would render little matters of service to the neighbors, for which he received a slight compensation—which he was sure to convey to his sister's hand. Every thing he did indeed, was done for his "dear sister Carrie." But the little boy's strength began more perceptibly to fail, and to indicate, that he was not long for this world. One day laying his head on his sisters lap he said that he had the headache and that he was cold. She soon conveyed him to the bed and wrapping him up comfortably, on enquiring how he felt now, he replied "Don't be afraid sister I hope I shall soon be better and be able to do something more for you."

But Carrie thought otherwise. She felt that the sands of his life were fast passing away; and that the face which at times so beautifully smiled on hers would smile no more, and that the little tongue, that spoke so gently would ere long be cold in death.

The weather at this time was getting very cold, as the winter was coming on and she saw that her attendance upon her brother interrupted her so much that her little income from her needle would be still more limited. And now after two weeks daily sending work home for the purpose of getting the money due, the lady sent her word that "she did not have the change and to call again."

Carrie had now not a cent of money and getting a little boy to do the errand for her, she sent again for the money, but with no better success. At last, she went herself. The lady complained that "she had sent to her a dozen times, for the change and by a ragged urchin who had much better been in the House of Refuge! and moreover that she knew that Carrie could not be in need of it, and that she only sent for it because she thought she would be cheated out of it, of which however" she added "there was no danger as she was an honest woman and always paid her debts!" But Carrie assured her that she was greatly in need of it, and thus obtained a part, leaving the remainder to be paid at some future time or never!

This pittance lasted but a short time, and Willie grew more and more ill—so that she was not able to leave him the entire day. During this day, the physician in attendance had not called—the rich required his services—not the poor! The former received a superabundance of visits—the latter were overlooked! with the one of course he was extremely popular—with the other he did not even care to be! where the gold was, there was his heart. Thus the dying little Willie was neglected—overlooked—forgotten!

Said he to his sister near the close of life—"I think dear Carrie I could take a little cracker and tea."

"Ah!" said she "my dear Willie the crackers are all gone, I have only a crust of bread to give you my dear child!"

"And sister," said he "do *you* eat this for you have eaten nothing to-day. I am not very hungry. And I feel better too now. And if I do not have bread enough, in this world, I shall soon have the bread of life! And oh! what bread that will be! Carrie wouldn't we like to have some of it now."

"Ah! my child we *have* some of it now I hope—but hereafter we shall have more than we want—more oh! yes "In my father's house there is enough *and to spare!*"

Now said he "read to me about Jesus and how he took little lambs in his arms and carried them in his bosom!"

Carrie sat down by his side and read to him till he fell asleep. Then rising she put on her bonnet and taking one of her dresses, she set out for the city. She soon disposed of it, for little or nothing, and with some little purchases she hastily returned. The shades of evening were closing in, when she reached home. Little Willie lay so quietly, that his smooth brow looked like Parian marble. At first she imagined that he was dead—but no, he moved!

"Sister" said Willie "let me tell you what a beautiful dream I have had. Mother has been here and so many angels have been hovering around me to take me way—and now Sister Carrie I shall soon leave you—leave you all alone—and yet not entirely alone, Sister, for I will come back and watch over you and Lewis will come back, too, to see you."

She removed the cold sweat from his fair brow—and no one can tell the anguish of that dear girl as his glowing eyes began to lose their radiance.

At this moment he exclaimed "O! sing to me, Sister Carrie, sing to me of Heaven! Sing that pretty hymn. "Sing songs of holy ecstasy."

And whilst Carrie was trying to sing, his spirit soared away to brighter realms! to endless bliss!

Thus Carrie was left alone with the dead! for the old lady whose house she made her home had gone to visit some of her relations far from the city. But a little boy who had been a playmate of little Willie's seeing Carrie's sorrow ran and called his mother. This woman came and offered to do all that she could. Carrie said that she knew not how to take the first step to get her brother buried, and pointing to a trunk in the corner she asked the woman, to be so kind as to look in it and see if there was not something there in which to shroud her brother. Whilst the woman was doing this, she accidentally discovered a richly embroidered velvet apron and collar!

"To whom," said the woman "did this apron belong?"

"To my father," said Carrie. "He was an *Odd Fellow* in England. My Mother always kept it with a sacred care."

Saying this Carrie went to the trunk to take it, fearing, that it would get injured or soiled; at the same time remarking, "it is of no value to me only as a relic of my departed father."

"O! not so" said the woman "it will be of use to you—indeed it *shall* be. The husband of a rich lady for whom I sometimes sew has one just like it!"

Carrie hardly took any notice of these remarks of the kindly woman, being too much overcome with grief at the death of her brother.

After this the woman having attended to the shrouding of the child stole silently away and went to the residence of the rich gentleman for whose lady, she sewed. Soon a rap was heard at the door, and Carrie, on going to it, saw a gentleman whom she reluctantly invited in. He was accompanied by some ladies in charge. These he said, had come to render any needed assistance. Then he conversed kindly with Carrie and thus learned a part of her history. Speaking of her father, likewise, Carrie showed him the velvet apron, and a piece of parchment, which certified that he was of the highest order in "Odd Fellowship."

Carrie now no longer needed for a resting place for her brother. A beautiful one was selected for his grave—and now the flowers still wave over it and the birds of the air undisturbed sing his requiem and ever will sing it till the final day.

Friends had come to Carrie in a way she had least expected—indeed in a way which she had never dreamed. Little had she thought as she showed the velvet apron and collar to her brother, that it was so much like the magician's wand—only raising up real instead of imaginary friends, and she herself also was soon put in possession of an eligible and grateful home. Here her employment was that of giving instruction to some young ladies in music.

And now the enquiry naturally arises—

"Where is Lewis Randall?" We left him as a clerk. But he had risen gradually and yet surely until we now find him a practitioner at the bar. His maiden speech even called forth the praise and admiration of all his auditors.

One day as he was walking on the common, thinking of Carrie and Willie and wondering why she did not write, and whether she had entirely forgotten him or not, a middle aged man addressed him by name. Lewis was surprised that any stranger should thus speak to him, but looking at him more earnestly, recognized an old acquaintance from Toronto!

A thousand enquiries were now made and answered. Especialy Carrie—and her brother were the sujects of Lewis' interest.

"Ah! Lewis" said the stranger "there have been strange doings since you left home. That old uncle of hers wanted to compel her to marry his son and because she would not he robbed her of all her property and then cast her off! and little Willie died in want! Carrie too would have starved to death or gone to the alms-house had not that Society called "Odd Fellows" taken up the dear orphan!

Of Carrie's property Lewis thought little, and lost or not, it did not so much concern him, except for her sake—for he was grieved at heart, to think that she was defrauded out of it.

"How strange" said he that we both should be beneficiaries from the same source! How little thought Carrie's wealthy father, that his daughter would be reduced to such necessities and thus relieved by the very "Order" that he helped to bring into existence!"

Lewis had made preparations to remove from Boston to Kentucky, where he presumed that he should meet with still more abundant success. Having closed his business in Massachusetts he started for his Canadian home. But how differently did he feel on his journey homeward from what he felt as he left Toronto! His judgment was now matured, his principle fixed—his prospects bright. He felt that with Carrie by his side he should be superlatively happy!

Reaching Quebec he soon found the residence of Carrie. Here not handing in his card, he merely sent a message that a gentleman was waiting at the door desiring to see her. When Carrie came and saw the person before her, recognizing him at once, as Lewis Randall—and instantly recalling all that had transpired since she last saw him, she was overwhelmed with the reminiscences and swooned away. Soon, however, she was restored to consciousness and as he was kindly leaning over her, he gently spoke of the various trials and scenes through which they had both passed since they had last met. Carrie had grown taller considerably, as she was youthful when they parted—but her sufferings seemed to have given her rather a charm than a blight, and in the eyes of Lewis Randall she was far more beautiful than ever. Lewis himself also had become much more manly and dignified.

And now mutually sympathising with each other, and becoming more and more interested in each others welfare—Lewis exclaimed "Carrie we part no more! When I leave Canada for the United States, with your consent, I shall take you in charge!"

Carrie made no reply with her lips. Her heart gave her consent—her hand ratified it. No ties but those of lost kindred friends caused her to feel anxious to remain in Canada. There she had seen many trials—too many to make her feel that it was a resting place for her heart.

Her Uncle had long since cast her off and set aside her claims to her property. But Lewis was not contented with such rough treatment. He felt that if there was any law in Canada, it was intended for some specific purpose. This purpose he determined it should effect if possible.

The result of his investigation was a suit at law—but this uncle rather than have the villainy of which he had been guilty exposed yielded to a compromise restoring the property to the satisfaction of the parties concerned.

In a few days the happy couple were united in a still closer union than had before existed between them and on their way to Kentucky to part and weep no more!

THE ODD FELLOWS SONG.

O! blest be the eye that witnesses grief
And scans the true measures to propper relief
That weeps o'er the victim encompassed with pain
Nor longs from the scene of distress to refrain.

And blest be the ear, that listens to wo,
And welcomes the cries of the friend or the foe,
Nor asks that the sounds may murmur no more
Till the throes of the sufferer be banished or o'e'r.

And blest be the voice whose accents of love,
Like whispers angelic from Heaven above—
The heart of the mourner with comfort illume,
And bid him the pathway of life to resume.

And blest be the hand, that spurns to with hold,
From the widow and orphan its treasures of gold,
And the stranger too welcomes to the fireside the while
Tho' a prince or a peasant, the noble or vile!

And blest be "the Order" whose virtues divine,
Like stars in the Heavens to the mariner shine,
To cheer him in danger—in shipwreck to save,
Or lost, to weep over him and honor his grave

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

I LOVED THEE ONCE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I loved thee once, but it was when
Thy heart was free from guile;
When purity was nestled in
Thy gladsome, winning smile:
When faith and hope thy guardians were
Down time's resistless tide;
When love and truth together were
Attendants at thy side.

I loved the once, but it was when
I shared thy heart alone;
When all thy actions seemed to prove
Thy love was all my own;
When on thy finely chisel'd lips
A smile of welcome played;
When thou wouldst chide my tardiness
If from thy side I strayed.

I loved thee once, but now I tear
Thy image from my heart;
And backward to their fountain send
The burning tears that start;
I cast aside the chain of love
Which bound my heart to thee;
I loved thee once, but now, but now,
My heart is once more free.

I never thought that in thy smile
A serpent lurk'd beneath;
That poisonous were the flowers fair
Within affection's wreath;
But now my eyes pierce through the mist
Which round my heart was cast.
Thank God, thank God my love for thee
Is buried in the past.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

CATHELLA.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

Thy hand in mine, Cathella,
Our footsteps on the trail of bliss;
My confidence secure in thine,
And thine in mine, the fears, I wis
Like argosy from tropic clime,
Will smoothly sail the stream of time
Unharmed by wind, or treacherous sand,
Bound for the shores of Happy Land.

No fame have we, Cathella!
For beauty thou or I renown;
No "mansion by the sounding sea,"
No "palace residence in town."
No dower of gold, or meed of fame,
Our only heritage—a name;
And yet, if happiness be ours
Our feet tread a field of flowers.

Wealth brings it not, Cathella!
The palace has not what the cottage holds;
Contented with our humble lot,
All shining crowns or purple folds
Of fame or faction shall not bring
One anxious thought, whose fatal sting
So poisonous with envy, worst of all
The evils sequent on man's primal fall.

Thy hand in mine, Cathella! [star,
Our hearts aye turned toward Life's polar
Whose rays illume affection's shrine;
Oh! what our quiet joy shall mar?
On earth? the words of angels prove
The holy heritage of love;
And earth some eden bliss still keeps
Beyond the space the flame sword sweeps.

The world may smile, Cathella!
And say these things the poet sings
Are found on some illusive isle
That's only reached by fancy's wings,
But we, in consciousness serene,
Shall view with joy the smiling scene,
And say these things the poet sings
To us a daily blessing brings.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SONNET *** NORTH CAROLINA.

BY C. MURCHISON.

Then shriek'd the Nation's Eaglet from the eyre
Of Mecklenburg—with sirion thence reviv'd,
The Phoenix from its ashes and surviv'd,
And sprang exultant from the freedom fire!
Brittanna's Lion caught th' tekon cry
And paced his Emerald cage on soundless feet,
Still muttering aught of mandate incomplete
White Haven shook, a talon struck his eye
'Mid thirteen stars thou art the brightest one
Of all the constellation and the Venus,
Indeed thou art the very knitted Lenus [ton,
Spread out by Greene and Southern Washing-
The world, beloved, beholds thy smiling face
O'er which the gathering beauty pours apace!

John Guise's epitaph reads as following:

Here Lies
Sir John Guise.
No one laughs;
No one cries.
Where he is gone,
And how he fares,
No one knows,
And no one cares.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

My First Ride in a Stage Coach, or, How I found my Pet.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

"I never liked a stage coach," said Aunt Fanny, as she quietly drew her rocking-chair near the open window—"I always felt a sort of horror at the thought of journeying in one. There were no rail-roads in that section of the country, and a ponderous vehicle rolled past our door each day, but I preferred remaining at home unless I could ride in a way more congenial to my taste. The time came however when I was to take my first ride in a stage coach. It was necessary for me to visit a relative about twenty miles distant, and there seemed to be no other means of conveyance; so I must submit to be jolted over the rough roads in company with a set of people—I knew not whom."

It was a pleasant, breezy morning in May, that I bade adieu to my home with a sigh feeling as if about to suffer martyrdom for the sake of visiting my invalid friend. Having ensconsed myself as comfortably as possible, amid bundles and bandboxes innumerable, I ventured to survey my traveling companions. Beside me upon the back seat was a tall prim lady dressed in a suit of faded black. Everything about her had a stiff precise look. She sat immovable as a statue, holding a book before her face. Occasionally a deep sigh broke from her lips, but she did not raise her eyes from the page before her. Opposite us was a very large man. His portly form completely filled the front seat. A broad-brimmed hat was drawn over his eyes, and I fancied he was fast asleep.

A pale young woman and two little girls occupied the middle of the coach. She seemed very sad, but the children were prattling merrily. One of them became quite boisterous in its mirth, tossing its little arms, and laughing at its own pleasant thoughts.

"Hush, dear," whispered the mother, "you will disturb the ladies; set still, and I will tell you something—I'll tell you about the place where we are going."

"Papa will be there, won't he?" said the child, looking earnestly up into its mother's face; "say, mamma, will he be there? I want to see him very much."

She did not reply, and I saw a tear roll over her cheek.

"Mamma's crying," softly whispered the other girl. "Annie, you must not talk about papa—don't you remember they put him in a box one day, and buried him up in the ground? that's what makes poor mamma so sorry."

Neither of the little prattlers spoke again. Their heads sank wearily into their mother's lap, and they were soon asleep. She looked at them fondly and parted the soft hair upon their brows.

"Poor things!" she murmured sadly, "they have no father now."

For some time the coach rumbled on, and none of its occupants spoke. Suddenly, ere any of us dreamed of danger, we found ourselves thrown violently from our seats, terrified and bewildered. The doors burst open, and we rolled out, amid a profusion of bundles and bags. The children screamed loudly; the prim lady sprang to her feet and wrung her hands wildly.

"O, my band-boxes, my papers, my books," she cried turning to the fat man who, after sundry somersets, had succeeded in regaining his footing, "Sir, I appeal to you—can you possess a heart so devoid of pity, as to view a damsel in distress and not proffer your friendly aid? can you leave me to my fate uncared for and alone?"

"Marm, I'm at your service," he responded gruffly.

"Then, sir, assist me to regain my treasures ere they are lost forever," she exclaimed beseechingly, as the cover to a bandbox rolled away, and a host of manuscripts were blown about by the wind, "O, my precious poems—my compositions which have cost me so many hours of labor! sir, I beseech you ——"

"Yes, marm," replied he, panting for breath—"I'll catch 'em—some on 'em, if I can," and off he ran as fast as he was able.

Fortunately none of us were injured by the overturn of the coach, and this scene was so amusing that I could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

"Unfeeling creature," said Miss Prim, glancing upon me scornfully, "how can you make light of my misfortunes? but I will not upbraid you; a heart that cannot feel for another's woe—an unsympathizing nature—I envy not its possessor!"

"Pray excuse me, madam," said I, striving to suppress my mirth, "I am not laughing at your misfortunes," and by way of reconciliation I bounded off in pursuit of the flying papers and succeeded to my great joy in capturing a lengthy address to the "Muses."

As the coach was unable to proceed until repaired, we all wended our way toward a cottage which stood not far from the scene of the disaster. Our approach was heralded to the inmates by a white-headed boy, who flew to announce that "lots of ladies were a comin'." The good woman of the house seemed rather embarrassed at our unexpected intrusion, but proffered us seats kindly, saying we were welcome to stay as long as we pleased.

"It's rather strange," she said apologetically, "that when a body looks the worst, and the house is all in confusion, somebody is *sure* to come in. I hope you'll excuse the looks of things, ladies."

"O, certainly," we said, "don't give yourself any trouble upon that account; one cannot always keep everything in nice order."

"Not with such a family of children as I've got," said she, brightening a little, "I do believe they are the *mischievousest* set that ever was born. I never could learn them to be quiet and keep their hands off of things—it's no manner of use to try."

"What ails that little fellow, yonder?" asked I, glancing towards a boy who was silently weeping in one corner, "come here, dear, and tell me what the matter is."

The child timidly advanced toward me, wiping away the tears from his large blue eyes, which, however, would flow in spite of all his efforts. He was really very pretty with a frank open face. Putting his hand confidingly in mine, he answered, "Dicky is dead."

"Dicky? who is he?" I asked, "your little brother?"

"O, no," he said, "won't you come and see?"

"Certainly I will," I replied, following the child to the garden where upon the grass-plat lay a dead lamb.

"There!" said my little guide sobbing afresh, "poor Dicky—he died last night! he was my lamb; I used to carry him about all day in my arms, and he loved me dearly—Dicky did. O, dear! I found him here this morning lying just so, all stiff and cold."

"Don't cry any more about him," said I soothingly, "I'll give you some money to buy another."

"No," he sobbed shaking his curly head, "I don't want another; I won't have any more pets, never. I had a dog once, and a rabbit, and I loved them both dearly, but I never have anything to love but it's sure to die!"

He looked up at me with such a pitiful expression in his beautiful eyes, that I caught him to my heart.

"You little darling," I said, "*you* shall be *my* pet; say, will you go and live with me and be my own dear boy?"

"If mother don't care," he answered smiling as he looked into my face, "I guess she won't—she's got so many children, you know."

"Do you think you would be happy if I should take you from your brothers and sisters and carry you to my home?"

"O, yes, if you will love me," he replied throwing his arms about my neck.

"Love you," I said, "how could I help it, I wonder!"

It was no difficult matter to obtain the consent of the mother. She was a widow and very poor; so it was arranged that little Archie should accompany me home.

The remainder of my journey was very pleasant. I was lost in a delicious reverie, and my fellow-passengers were disregarded. Archie's sweet face was ever before me in imagination.

A few weeks passed, and the dear boy came to me. A more loving confiding spirit I never met, and I have cause to remember always with pleasure my first ride in a stage coach.

PROUD OF BEING A MOTHER.—"Grace Greenwood," (Mrs. Lippincott,) in an addrss to mothers in a late number of *The Little Pilgrim*, thus rejoices that she has "done something for her country:

"Since I last addressed you, another year has passed over us—a peaceful and fortunate year to most of you, I trust, yet, doubtless, bringing to the happiest hearts and homes, something of sorrow. To me it has brought the most profound sweet, the most solemn and sacred happiness of womanhood—for within this year I have been joined to the great and noble army of *mothers*—I am now one of you. Oh, if there is a time when woman may feel that she, like Mary of old, is 'blessed among woman,' it is when she folds in her arms her first-born child—feels the touch of its tender little hands thrill on her heart strings—feels on her cheek the first soft breath of a life immortal—sees faintly twinkling in the misty depths of sleepy little eyes, a love that shall yet brighten the world for her. This joy unspeakable, this holy triumph of maternity, is Heaven's abundant compensation for all that is suffered by woman—for all that is denied to her. With existence renewed and freshened by the inflowing of this pure rill from the divine fountain of life—with my heart made more tender and loving by the sweet, mysterious influence by which babyhood—mighty in helplessness, and, without speech, most eloquent—comes to us—I feel like consecrating myself anew to the service of such as Jesus took in his arms and blessed—and of you, whom maternity makes kin to her once elected to the highest joy and deepest anguish of mortality—he whom He most loved and most tenderly remembered in his last hour."

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

ADVERTISING.

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THE ODD FELLOWS.—The annual session of the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the United States, was commenced at Baltimore on Monday, and will be continued during the week. The reports of the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary announced the prosperous condition of the Order throughout the United States and in the Lower provinces of British North America. The gentlemen who were last year elected to the principal offices were duly installed for the ensuing term of two years. They are: P. G. M. George W. Race, of Louisiana, M. W. Grand Sire; P. G. M. Timothy G. Senter, of New Hampshire, Deputy Grand Sire; P. G. M. James L. Ridgeley, of Maryland, Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary; and P. G. Joshua Vansant, of Maryland, Grand Treasurer. The new Grand Sire nominated the following additional grand officers, who were confirmed by the Grand Lodge and duly installed, viz: P. G. Rev. James D. McCabe, of Virginia, Grand Chaplain; A. M. Foute, of Tennessee, Grand Marshall; S. H. Lowt, of Maryland, Grand Guardian; J. E. Chamberlain, of Maryland, Grand Messenger.

EARLY RISING.—An English philosopher says he never knew a man to rise to eminence who lay in bed of a morning; and Dr. Franklin says: "He who rises late, may trot all day, but never overtake his business." Nevertheless, the Boston Post "does not believe that every man seen running around the streets, at daybreak every morning, will rise to eminence," or be successful in business.

LIEUTENANT HERNDON.

This gallant and brave commander of the ill-fated "Central America" is among the lost. He has three brothers and a sister living in Fredericksburg, Virginia—bowed down with grief at the loss of their brave and chivalrous brother. Of his life, we have collected the following brief sketch:—

Lieut. William L. Herndon, commander of the ill-fated ship was not only an accomplished officer in the United States Navy, but as the conductor of the famous Expedition to the Valley of the Amazon River, undertaken by the United States Government in the years, 1851, '52.

He was a Virginian by birth, and the loss of the Central America has cut him off in the prime of his life. We believe he was in the 40th year of his age. His family, consisting of his wife and one daughter, have for some years resided in New York in the upper part of the city. His daughter is distinguished for the loveliness of her voice in singing. On leaving home for his last outward voyage he parted from both in high spirits, in anticipation of a successful trip and a speedy return. His daughter bade him such a farewell as she knew a sailor would appreciate, by following him to the door, and in a merry whim throwing after him an old slipper—according to the tradition that an old shoe is good luck to a parting friend! He turned and smiled at her, and waving his hand pleasantly left his home—never to return to it again.

Lieut. Herndon was a man of many fine traits as a gentleman, of extensive attainments and qualifications as a scholar and a naval officer.

He was for sometime connected with the National Observatory at Washington, and was the brother-in-law of Lieut. Maury, whose connection with that institution is universally known. In 1850, while Lieut. Herndon was on the Pacific Coast in the U. S. ship Vandalia, he received orders from the Navy Department to cross the Andes and explore the Amazon River, from its sources to its mouth. The history of this expedition, as given in his report to Congress, is a very interesting and instructive work, containing much valuable scientific and geographical information. The two volumes, published by order of the Government, although they have never been reduced to a popular edition by any private publishing house, have had thousands of readers through the medium of public libraries and the numerous copies sent from Washington all over the country, and of the copious extracts published in the newspaper press and the periodical and scientific review of the times. The work is handsomely illustrated with numerous map, and drawings, and will henceforth possess a double interest, from the pleasing character of the narrative, and from the melancholy fate of the author.

"Lieut Herndon was a man of slight frame, on which the extraordinary exposures encountered in such a journey as he made would severely operate; but he had a brave spirit, which shrank from no difficulty and shunned no duty. His wife, before the telegraphic dispatch was received yesterday announcing the loss of all the officers but Mr. Frazer, said that 'she had no hope of his escape' for he would 'stick to the ship to the last, and would save everybody else before he would attempt to save himself.' His untimely death will occasion a serious loss not only to the navy, but to the commercial interests of the country, with both of which he was equally identified.

The following lines contributed by a Philadelphian to the Press, are most touching by the combination of its earnest truthfulness and simple pathos—

Av, shout and rave, thou cruel sea,
In triumph o'er that fated deck,
Grown holy by another grave—
Thou hast the *captain of the wreck*.

No prayer was said, no lesson read,
O'er him, the soldier of the sea,
And yet for him, through all the land,
A thousand thoughts to-night shall be.

And many an eye shall dim with tears,
And many a cheek be flushed with pride,
And men shall say—here died a Man:
And youth shall learn how well he died.

Av, weep for him, whose noble soul
Is with the God who made it great,
But weep not for so proud a death—
We could not spare so grand a fate.

Nor could Humanity resign
That hour, which bids her heart beat high,
And blazon Duty's stainless shield,
And sets a star in Honor's sky.

Oh dreary night! Oh grave of hope!
Oh sea, and dark unpitying sky!
Full many a wreck these waves shall claim
Ere such another heart shall die.

Alas, how can we help but mourn
When hero bosoms yield their breath,
A century itself may bear
But once the flower of such a death.

So full of manliness—so sweet
With utmost duty nobly done
So thronged with deeds, so filled with life,
As though with death that life begun.

It *has* begun, true gentleman!
No better life we ask for thee,
Thy Viking soul and woman heart,
For ever shall a beacon be—

A starry thought to veering souls,
To teach it is not best to live;
To show that life has nought to match
Such knighthood as the grave can give.

Correspondence of the London Times.

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

A few miles from the town of Norfolk, Southward, nearly on the frontier line between Virginia and North Carolina, begins the "Dismal Swamp." It extends far along the sea coast of the last named State, covering a surface of many square miles—a wild, uncultivated tract, but by no means barren; it has received a bad name, to which additional notoriety has been given by the tale of *Dred*;—in that Negro romance the Swamp figures largely as the resort of runaway slaves and the haunt of the half-crazed black prophet and denouncer, the sable Mucklewrath, who forms the threatening pendant to *Uncle Tom*. The verse of Moore has also aided in giving the region an ill repute; and to the popular mind the Dismal Swamp is probably a gloomy waste of quagmire, the abode of doleful creatures and slimy amphibia, with a soil repulsive to the eye and treacherous to the foot, a reproduction in the New World of that Serbonian bog in which 'armies whole have sunk.' In justice, however, to this dismal region, it should be stated that it is better than its reputation; it is rather a vast forest on a wide tract of peat and marsh, with an exuberant, often fantastic, vegetation, than a total swamp. An agriculturist with strong convictions on the efficacy of drainage would pronounce much of it highly improvable, and see it, as in a vision, converted into arable and pasture. Beneath a brilliant sunshine, and in the first flush of summer, even those less hopeful of the future must admit that the luxuriance and variety of its forest scenery are not equalled in many localities of more auspicious name. Nothing like it can be found on the higher and more arid soil of interior where the pine is the prevailing feature of the landscape; on this swamp nature seems actually to riot and revel in production, so various and so abundant in the vegetation; and of every variety of forest trees some of the very finest specimens of each kind may be found, either of the cedar, the live oak (the evergreen oak, or ilex,) the fir, and juniper. The undergrowth of bush is perfectly dense, matted and tangled together by gigantic creepers that crawl quite as well as they climb, ascending the highest trees or stretching from one to another like ropes, naked as the mere twisted hemp in the shade, but when touched by the suplight expanding into garlands and wreathes of verdure. The dead trees that stand like skeletons among the living are grasped by this lithe and active family, and charitably clothed with a life other than their own. It is impossible to penetrate the thicket, a combination of forest and jungle, to the right or left of the paths cleared by the axe or the more effective agency of fire; but wherever it has been thus opened the scene is the reverse of dismal. There is no monotony, which is rather a characteristic of the pine forests of the North. The forms of the foliage are so endlessly varied and rich in colour that they would defy pencil and palette to reproduce them; and even if they could, the effect would, perhaps, be too startling for eyes unfamiliar with Southern scenes to accept as natural. American forests set at nought the conventionalists of European art as much in summer as in autumn, and faithful "studies" from the vegetation of the Dismal Swamp at this season would be so richly and brilliantly verdant that the artist would be taxed with exaggeration. The summer robe of the south is, indeed, one of many colors, or at least hues, even more difficult to transfer to canvass than the yet deeper glories of its autumnal garb, with a similar risk of not finding full appreciation. A French artist pronounced the deep crimson of the maples in an American autumnal landscape *affreux*—so shocking did he think the audacious novelty of colour. A summer scene has many such surprises. One of the most frequent varieties of vegetation throughout this district of the south would be equally perplexing and obnoxious to the academic eye, it has so much of the odd and fantastic, as if Nature had indulged in a practical joke. Most of the larger trees are bearded with an abundant growth of a grey moss, or parasitic plant, that hangs in long tufts and fringes from the branches, swaying in the wind in thick masses of vegetable hair, so like the similar excrescence of the human subject that it imparts a kind of life to the older denizens of the forest, which, especially in the twilight, has something both of the awful and grotesque. The more or less of sunshine, indeed, has a great deal to do with the general effect of the swamp scenery. Just at this season, and in the bright noon of day, all that is reached by the sun is cheerful; but a plunge beneath the thick canopy changes the aspect of things very suddenly. The shadows of the swam are deep, and beneath the "greenery" there are spots of cavern-like gloom. The soil is a black peat; the roots and trunks of the trees are black; the water everywhere is dark, sometimes to utter blackness, suggestive of the seven-fold Styx and the grim ferryman that poets write of. And the actual ferrymen of the region are black also, though not grim. The negro boatmen of the canal that cuts through it are only a little more inky in tinge than the water they navigate, but so far from being grim they are rather merry and hilarious; they laugh loud and often, smile expansively at the sight of a quarter dollar, and sing at their work, which the whites are never heard doing. High wages, the dignity of labour, and the possibility of being sent to Congress, repress such levity. From all these sources of anxiety the negro is happily cut off, which may account for his superior cheerfulness. The canal extends from the northern edge of the swamp to Lake Drummond, seven or eight miles in the interior; it is as small as a navigable watercourse can well be, and would not be thought a very formidable obstruction in a steeplechase.—It is cut straight, through the forest, with just space enough on each side for a footpath, by which the negroes run the long narrow lumber boats by means of projecting side poles. This straight channel, with its dark water, overhung by high trees, is generally a line of shadow, silence, and stagnation, for the passage of the boats is not frequent. It brings loads of timber and shingle out of the swamp, and sometimes carries parties of visitors into it. There was once a house of entertainment, on the lake, but the coming of the guests was uncertain, and it has been pulled down as a speculation that did not pay. Tourists who still occasionally penetrate the swamp must take their own provisions and the equipments required for camping out. They are rewarded for the enterprise by good fishing, the satisfaction of seeing a little of a locality of which nobody knows much, and the chance of shooting a bear or a few wild cats, unusual game which may still be found in the more remote recesses. According to local report, the interior of the swamp itself is not unhealthy, though the country round its borders is so. The same authority confirms the account, we have heard of runaway slaves finding both an asylum and the means of subsistence in it, but rather contradicts the statement that they are very keenly pursued and hunted out of it. Some advantage, it appears, accrues to certain outsiders and borderers from this concealed community of blacks, and there are small speculators in the shingle trade who have a greater interest in using the labor of the fugitives than in enforcing the strong statues against them. In a word, more shingles are got out of the swamp, as illegally inhabited, than could be obtained by making it a perfect desert by rigorous legal measures. If a dark shingle splitter presents himself with four times the quantity of the article for a week's work than he could possibly have cut himself, he is paid without any close questioning as to who helped him, or what he pays his aids. These are matters private and personal between the parties. And by work thus furnished, by fishing, and, it is said cultivating small patches of the soil, the fugitives contrive to exist. They sometimes come out of the swamp, and are seen about the villages, but though their place of abode and manner of life are suspected, or even well known, they are not often molested. "Massa" may be a long way off, and there is a brisk demand for shingles. So the nearer advantage turns the scale against the majesty of the law, as it does in many portions of the earth besides the borders of the Dismal Swamp.

The charter of the scenery of this region changes so little when the road quits the proper boundaries of the swamp, and sweeps with a large curve westward into the interior, that its description will apply to the country for more than 200 miles further to the south. It is a continual forest, level, with no large towns, few villages, many scattered farmhouses and shantics, all alike, and all naked and unsightly, with what is strictly necessary for a shelter and nothing more; wide clearings, full of stumps, dead trees, and much forest wreck, black with the traces of fire, and behind them the eternal green forest again. The further from the seacost and its alluvial soil the more the pine tree abounds, cruelly scarred for miles together with the cutting into the trunks made to collect turpentine—a considerable Carolinian export. The work of collecting it appears to be carried on very leisurely, for a few negroes moving about among the trunks of the trees are all the human operators to be seen; here and there at a station deep in the woods there is a little sawing and coopering going on to provide the casks, and at long intervals a pile of them filled is waiting for carriage, giving the air around a pleasant, piney smell. At Wilmington the sea coast is touched again, and after leaving it the country is another marshy tract, more decidedly swampy than the Dismal Swamp itself. The road again makes a curve inland to Kingsville; some lines are being constructed that will shorten the distances, but all the sections are not completed. As it is, the road approaches the coast and recedes from it in two wide sweeps from Norfolk to Wilmington, and from that place to Charleston, cutting through the same varieties of soil alternately, from the eastern marshes to the dryer land of the interior and back to the marsh region again. Over the ground that is too soft the road is carried on piles, and the train runs cautiously, for with any departure from the high line of the rails, the locomotive would plunge over a fall of eight or ten feet and disappear, like the "mailed horse and its rider." Some of the competing lines tempt custom by announcing that on their route there are "no trestles," as the piles are called, and "no mosquitoes." Both are things to be avoided, if possible, but, to reach the coast towns, the marshes must be crossed, and the promise of *terra firma* all the way, when it can only be kept on the inland portion of the line, is a suppression of the facts. As to the musquitoes, owing to the cold spring they are very backward, like the crops, and only a few solitary specimens of that insect pest have yet been heard. South of Kingsville the country is more hilly and better cultivated, and the houses improve in appearance. But still there is the boundless forest, and presently the marsh again, with the doubtful "trestles" for the longer spaces, and higher in elevation than ever. Approaching Charleston the lowlands are sometimes flooded, and the first line built has had to be reconstructed at a higher level to clear the water. The old piles and sleepers have been left by the side and below the new ones, and the forest tress are already growing up between them, and the "bush" is burying them in rank vegetation, in a few years they will be invisible, and future trees will be rooted on them, as the existing race grow on the buried trunks found under the present soil. In the muddy pools by the railway track, the terrapin, a small kind of tortoise or turtle, is paddling undisturbed, just showing his head and shell above water; and there are alligators in the river beyond and the canals of the rice fields—all decided indications of the south. Further down the rvier, below the fresh-water region of the rice plant, after threading more forest and crossing some wide salt-marshing, the city of Charleston is reached, which is too large and too pleasant a place to be introduced at the end of a letter.

GREESBORO.

From a correspondent of the Petersburg Express who has seen us and knows, we make the following extracts, relative to our town.

Grsensboro' is perhaps one of the most, moral towns in this or any other State. The people are kind, hospitable and social, and the ladies are just the sort that it is dangerous for bachelors to meddle with, if they wish to retain their freedom.

Speaking of Morality reminds me that I must step into the office and get a supply of cigars for to-morrow, as a neat little post-bill informs smokers that "No Cigars will be sold on Sunday." This is at the "Brittain House" where I am pleasantly domiciled.

There are three newspapers published here, and as I have mentioned Mr. Craig, as being a very tall man, I will suggest to the Editor of one of the papers to substitute a P for the C at the beginning of his name, and thereby make it far more appropriate.

The crops in this region are very fine, and I heard one gentleman say last night that he should make so much more corn than he had house room to contain it, that he had serious thoughts of shingling a field over and using it for a crib. * * *

I spent the Sabbath in Greensboro', and attended service at the Methodist Church where I heard a most able and affecting sermon, preached by the Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Presiding Elder of the district. The occasion was the funeral, of a dear and lovely girl, Miss Mary E. Adams, who died about a year ago. She was at school at Ellicott's Mills, (Md.,) at the time, and her parents barely had time to reach her bed-side to close her eyes in death. I knew her, and as did every one else who had an opportunity for forming just estimates of her qualities and her character, I loved her well. She was a sweet girl, possessing all the qualities that adorn the female character, and crowning the whole with the religion which made her

——"dying bed
Soft as downy pillows are."

The sermon did justice to the memory of the dear, departed one, and preached as it was in the midst of those who had watched over and loved her from infancy, of those who had been the companions of her childhood, the friends and associates of her school days and her college life, it could not fail to draw floods of tears from the loving hearts in whose caskets she still lived.

In my former letter I spoke of the beauty of the ladies of Greensboro,' If the two bachelor H.'s in your office could have stood at the gate of the church-yard yesterday morning and seen them, as, arrayed in their "best bib and tucker," they filed out, carrying a fair proportion of ballast in the shape of crinoline, bachelorism would certainly have lost its charms, and doleful lamentations over the solitude and misery of "single blessedness," would have been heard.

Spurious $80 bills, purporting to be issued by the Cape Fear Bank of North Carolina, are said to be in circulation.

Shakspeare as a Man.

It is a nobler thing to know that such a man as Shakspeare was created than to be familiar with the shelves of whole libraries of dusty tomes. The advent of a soul so richly gifted, of a nature so intensely ideal and so richly passionate, is an era in the history of man. No poet ever reached a height so lofty, described so grandly, and speculated so daringly, or felt so deeply; and none ever seemed so little conscious of an effect. His grandest thoughts flow so naturally, that it is easy to see that they are familiar and accustomed to his mind; and his gaiety and mirth are equally characteristic of himself.—Hamlet and Mercutio, Macbeth and Romeo Prospero and Benedict, are all Shakspeare in his different moods; and the wit, the idealist, soldier and sage, each and all bear the impress of having originated from the same mind. There is probable less known of Shakspeare personally than of any man of mark in English history. He lived in an age of heroes, and he was a foremost man amongst them. His cotemporaries bowed before his master spirit, and the most colossal minds of all Europe have acknowledged his sovereignty. And yet we have a better knowledge of men who died a thousand years ago before printing perpetuated tradition, when chroniclers were few, than of this wondrous man. There is not, we have reason to think, a single letter of his writing preserved, and scarcely a contemporary anecdote. There are portraits, not one of which can be proved to be authentic; a bust which seems genuine, but cannot be warranted. This man, the real spiritual king of England, is in his individuality as much a myth as Homer. But this we do know, a man there lived whose intellectual and moral nature was a microcosm which embraced the ideal of humanity, and that he left behind a hundred representatives of his own mind, none like each other, but all like himself, of whom every emotion finds its noblest and most genuine utterance.

A National Thanksgiving.

The St. Louis Intelligencer, Philadelphia Inquirer, and New Orleans Bulletin, influential and widely circulating journals, unite in the recommendation of a National Thanksgiving Day. The last named paper, after adverting to the recently disturbed condition of our country by the abolition excitement, the terrible plagues which visited some of our Atlantic cities in the last two years, and the scarcety which has oppressed some portions of the land; refers to our present position as follows:—Now the storm of passion has passed away; profound peace reigns throughout all our borders, at least the exceptions are too insignificant to be taken into account in recounting our blessings; while from one end of the country to the other the people rejoice in the enjoyment of almost unexampled general health.—The harvests too, are generally abundant, and in some respects unprecedented.—Throughout the great West and South the grain and corn crops are like unto the "seven years of plenty," when Joseph gathered up corn till there was no more room to hold it. Surely, surely, under these circumstances, the people of the United States may, for the once, lay aside all other feelings, and unite in singing the "Harvest Home," in sending up an anthem of praise and gratitude "for the early and the latter rain," for their exemption from extraordinary disease, and for the innumerable Providential blessings which they have received, most opportunely."

It is highly fitting that a Christian nation enjoying the high privileges which we enjoy, and the many blessings which an all-bountiful Providence is continually showering upon us, should occasionally lift up an united heart in joyful praise and thanksgiving to the Giver of all good, and with becoming reverence and humility to ask for a continuance of his blessings. We have therefore been gratified to see from year to year an increased attention to the subject, and that it is a growing custom to observe the same day in the several States for the celebration of this annual festival. We believe last year Thursday the 20th of November was set apart in eighteen or twenty States as a day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise, and an earlier or later day in the same month in four or five others.—*Hillsboro Recorder.*

FIRE IN BEAUORT.—An extra form the office of the Beaufort *Journal* informs us that on the evening of the 24th a fire broke out in the kitchen of Mr. E. W. Dudley in that town, and, before the flames could be arrested, the kitchen, with the commodious dwelling of Mr. Dudley, and the kitchen and outhouses Mr. Josiah F. Bell were consumed.

The loss falls heaviest on Mr. Dudley, and is estimated to be about $5,000. Mr. Bell's loss is about $1,000; while the loss of others, caused by removal and breakage, will swell the amount to about ten thousand dollars.

The *Journal* says this is the most destructive fire that ever occurred in Beaufort.

It was thought to have been the work of an incendiary.

Men should at all times respect the superior sensibility, delicacy, virture, and fascinating persons of the female six; whose weakness ought to secure them sympathy and support; whose affections ought never to be sported with; whose tenderness repays man for his labor in their service; whose union in his interests affords him a trusty councellor in moments of difficulty; whose constancy attends him in adversity and whose solicitude supports him on the bed of sickness.

THE SLANDERER.—A slander case has just been decided in one of the Courts of New Jersey, in which the jury returned a verdict of seven hundred dollars for the plaintiff. The crime of slander is one that is perpetrated daily, and it is well, occasionally, to make an example of the guilty party. The individual who, from vicious and malignant motives, calumniates his neighbor, deserves the severest punishment. He is a curse to society, and he should be taught a severe lesson. There are others, however, who are scandal-mongers and slanderers, in mere idleness and wantonness. They do infinite mischief under the form of jest—but the spirit of their remarks, the unbidden motive, is almost invariably *evil*. Many a life has been sacrificed through the agency of slander. The sensitive have been unable to bear up against some vile calumny, and thus sickness and death have ensued. The habit is heartless and wicked, and the habitual slanderer should be pointed at with the finger of scorn, as a miscreant, and a murderer of reputation. His tongue is full of venom, and his very words are calculated to produce misfortune and cause anguish.

Phila. Inq.

WHITE SLAVERY IN CONNECTICUT.—In Messrs. Barber & Pardenson's History of New Haven, published in 1856, among other curious advertisements copied from the Connecticut Gazette, printed in this city, is the following:

"*Just Imported from Doublin*, in the brig Darby, a parcel of *Irish servants*, both men and women, *to be sold cheap*, by Israel Boardman, at Stamford.

New Haven, Jan. 17, 1764."

So, it seems, that less than 100 years ago, men and women were brought from Ireland, and sold as slaves, in the State of Connecticut! And not 100 years before that time, Indians were sent from Connecticut, Rhode Island, &c., to the West Indies, and sold into slavery. Curious historical facts, these!—*New Haven Register.*

LOW PRICE FOR WHEAT.—We learn that three cargoes of wheat, about 30,000 bushels, were sold in Joilet, Illinois, on Saturday, at the low price of 40 cents per bushel.

CHEAP CORN.—South of Springfield, Illinois, on the railroad, some of the farmers are offering corn at 15 cents per bushel in the field; others at $5 per acre. The indications are, unless the frost sets in early, that the corn crop will be enormously large.

It would be well for those farmers who desire to emigrate West to reflect on the above items copied from a Wisconsin paper. While the lands there may yield more abundantly, the prices and facilities for getting to market are not as good as they are here.—*Western Democrat.*

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.—In consequence of information as to expeditions being fitted out against Nicaragua and Tamaulipas, strict instructions have been issued from Washington to all officers to employ all legal resources to prevent the departure of such expeditions. The reports received by the Government state three expeditions are in preparation against Nicaragua, under Gen. Wm. Walker, and one against Tamaulipas, under Sam. Houston. The points of departure are believed to be New York, Mobile and N. Orleans.

☞ Andrew J. O'Hanlon, Esq., has been appointed agent for the payment of pensions at Fayetteville in place of James Huske, Esq., resigned.

Partial Deafness and Discharges from the Ear.

Dr. Hartley begs to announce to those of his patients with whom he has been in communication, that he has, in compliance with their special requests, made arrangements to establish his Ear Institution in New York; and he generously offers to attend all persons suffering from affections of the Ear, without charge, until cured—thereby proving his success unequalled, and protecting the deaf from being swindled by paying self-styled Aurists exorbitant fees in advance, and the infliction of still more serious evils, by permitting the application of dangerous remedies by inexperienced and unskillful hands.

Dr. H. may here state that he has no connection whatever with any person advertising to cure deafness; neither has he given permission for the publication of a certificate, purporting to emanate from him; and cannot, therefore, be responsible for any alarming consequences resulting from rashness and desperation. The loss of money may not be material to some persons, but the deprivation of one of the most important of the senses, ought to be regarded and treated with more than ordinary solicitude.

Deafness, noise in the head, and all disagreeable discharges from the Ear, speedily and permanently removed, without causing the least pain or inconvenience. A cure in all cases guaranteed where malformation does not exist.

Thirteen years' close and almost undivided attention to this branch of special practice, has enabled him to reduce his treatment to such a degree of success as to find the most confirmed and obstinate cases yield by a steady attention to the means prescribed.

The destruction, by fire, of the Philadelphia Ear Infirmary, of which Dr. Hartley was the head—having released him from his duties in that city, he has established permanently his Institution, for the exclusive treatment of Ear Diseases, at 760 Broadway, New York.

Consultation and Examination each morning. (91:1w.)

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET, Sep. 30.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 16½@18; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 20@; Coffee 16½, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 1.10@0.00 Meal 1.25@0.00; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 10; Feathers 40@45; Flour 6.00@7.00; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 40@50; Lard 16½@18; Molasses 75@; Nails 6@7; Oats 50; Pear, yellow 1.30@, white 130@00; Pork 7.50@8.00; Rags 0@3; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 15@16, loaf 18½, crushed 18½, clarified 16½; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 1.00@1.10; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, Sep. 29.
Reported expressly for the Times.

Bacon, hoground 17 @, western sides 17@18, western shoulders 11@11, hams 15@14; Brandy peach 70@75, apple 50@60; Butter 28@30; Beeswax 28@24; Cheese 12@13; Candles, adamantine 28@30, sperm 50@60; Corn 75@0.00; Cotton 12@12½; Coffee, rio 11¼a12, lagura 12@13; Feathers 45@50; Flour, superfine 7.50@0.00 extra 7.75, fine 6.50, family 8.00, scratched 6.50@6.75; Guano, 1 ton $62, 5 tons $60; Hay (N. C.) 1.00@.0; Lime 125@135; Molasses, Cuba 55@58; Mackerel, 2 no. 10.00@0.00, 3no. 6.50@6.75; Nails 5@; Oats 65@.00; Rosin, no. 1, 5.75@0.00, no. 2, 1.25@1.30, common 1.15@1.00; Rice 4@5; Shad 00@00; Salt, alum 98@.00, sack 1.00@1.00; Sugar, clarified 11@12, P. R. 9@10; Spirits Turpentine 41-00; Turpentine, virgin and yellow dip, 3.75a0.00, hard 1.55a0.00; Tar 1.62a0.00; Wheat, red 1.00@0.00, white 1.15@000

NORFOLK MARKET, Sept. 28.
Reported expressly for the Times.
By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Bacon, hams 16@20, hoground 16@17, western sides 17a17½; shoulders 15a16; Beans 1.50@1.75; Buckwheat, bag 1.65@; Butter, goshen 20@25, glade 28@26; Beeswax 20@25; Cotton 12@13; Corn, white 75@78, mixed 95@.98 yellow 95@98; Coffee, rio 12@13½, laguira 14a14½; Candles, adamantine 26@28; Dried Apples, ₱ bus. 28 lb. 1.75@0.00, Peaches, peeled ₱ bus. 40 lb. 5.00@0.00; Eggs 20@25; Flour, fine 8.25@9.00, superfine 6.50@6.75, extra 7.00@7.25, family 7.25@7.75; Flaxseed 1.50@1.60; Guano, ₱ ton 75.00@60 00; Hay 1.00@1.25; Lard, no. 1&2, 17@18; Lime 1.20@1.30; Molasses 55@65; Oats 40@43; Salt, fine ₱ sack, 1.60@1.70, ground alum 1.60@1.70, blown 160@1.70; Sugar, refined 12½@13, crushed 14½@00, W. India 12@120; Shingles, heart 12 in bunch, 6.00@7.25, sap do do 4 00@5.00; Staves, R. O. hhd. 38.00@39.00, H. O. hhd. 47.00@00.00, do heading 50.00@00.00; Soap, brown 4½a6½, yellow 4½@6½; Wheat, red 1.10@1.15, white 1.15@1.25; Whisky 26a28; Fish, no 3, Mackerel, 8.00a0.00, Northern Herrings 6.00a0.00, Mullets and Blue Fish, 2.50a8.00, dry Cob and Hake, 3.75a4.50.

REMARKS.—Flour—receipts continue large, but it has moved off the past week pretty well, and there has been but little if any accumulation.

Wheat, but little has arrived during the week—no alteration in prices.

Corn comes in sparingly and sells at quotations.

Dried Apples and Flaxseed are wanted, a lot of the latter about 800 bushels sold at $1.10.

Bacon is in small supply and in good demand.

We have commenced a week that is likely to be a very dull one, but few transactions to-day of consequence, on account of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Banks having suspended our Banks are in pretty good condition and will not suspend.

Business Cards.

N. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY SILK GOODS,
No. 153 Market Street, Philadelphia.
1856. 2-1y

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,
No. 89 Chambers, and 71 Reade Street,
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 551y

K. M. MURCHISON. A. J. HOWELL.
MURCHISON & HOWELL,
(Formerly of North Carolina)
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
104 *Wall Street.*
NEW YORK.
☞ Personal attention given to all business entrusted to their care. (57—1y.)

T. C. & B. G. WORTH,
COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANTS.
Wilmington, N. C. 1-1y.

J. N. WOOD,
AUCTION, COMMISSION & FORWARDING
MERCHANT,
Goldsborough, N. C.,
WILL attend to the sale of Flour and other Produce. 1tf

STERLING LANIER. SAMPSON LANIER

LAMAR HOUSE,
(FORMERLY COLEMAN HOUSE.)
KNOXVILLE, TENN.
S. & S. LANIER, *Proprietors.*
MR. STERLIN LANIER, late of the Lanier House, Macon, Ga., and Sampson Lanier, late of Tuskegee, Ala., will be happy to meet all friends and customers at the Lamar House, where they have ample accommodation for 250 persons. 54-1y

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER,
Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Cheese, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigg; J. & F. Garr ti, David McKnight, of Greensborough. 3-1y.

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—Hon. T. Ruffin, John Newlin, P. A. Holt, W. R. Albright, Alamance; J. R. Haughton, A. H. Lindley, Chatham; P. C. Cameron, John F. Lyon, W. J. Bingham, Orange; John Long, Randolph; E. G. Reade, G. & H. Williams, Person. 6-1y

R. JUNIUS MENDENHALL,
Land Agent,
Will select and enter Government Lands with cash or warrants—make investments, loan money—and transact a general real estate Business throughout the North West.
Address, R. J. MENDENHALL,
(65::1y.) Minneapolis, Minnesota.

WHEAT.—THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for good WHEAT delivered at the depot at this place. Bring on your samples. E. W. OGBURN, Agent for Simmons & Clark, Greensboro, N. C.
Sept., 1857.

THE TIMES

Is published every Thursday in Greensboro, N. C

EDITORS.
E. W. OGBURN, C. C. COLE, JAMES W. ALBRIGHT.

Corresponding Editors.
Rob. G. Staples, Portsmouth, Va.
William R. Hunter, South Carolina,

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

THURSDAY, OCT. 1, 1857.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

TERMS:

1 Copy one year.....$ 2.00
6 Copies " 10.00
10 " " 15.00

☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

County Educational Association.

As the day draws nigh, we would again urge upon the attention of the friends of Education, the importance of a good attendance on Saturday the 10th inst. It is proposed at that time to hold a convention of the Teachers and friends of Education of Guilford, in the Free School house of this place. The object of the convention is to organize a County Educational Association, subsidiary to the State Association.

The importance of this subject has been so thoroughly canvassed of late, that we hope it is unnecessary to do more than call attention to it. Remember Saturday 10th, and be present.

CONVENTION OF DENTISTS.

A State Convention of regular Dentists was held during the Fair at Raleigh last Fall, and we believe a regular State Associotion was organized, to meet annually. Regular Graduates only are admitted to membership, and by this means will doubtless do much to drive out quacks from the profession, or what is better, from the practice.

The first annual meeting of this Association will be held in Greensboro on Wednesday and Thursday next, 7th and 8th inst. Preparations, we understand, are made or an interesting meeting.

THE MONETARY WORLD.

As "hard" and as "tight' as the times have been, they are now worse and the future looks immeasurably gloomy. But men will naturally hope for the best, in which we most devoutly hope they may not be disappointed. At present, nearly every bank in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, New York, and elsewhere, has suspended, and *breaks* are by the hundred all over the country. The panic has not yet reached the Southern and Western cities but it is rapidly on the march. We subjoin the following article in regard to the commercial convulsion and its progress, from the New York Herald, which contains reflections and suggestions that may be profitable and instructive to the people:

"The revulsion in commercial and financial affairs which commenced about a month ago is daily acquiring greater intensity, and is rapidly spreading and widening in its operations. It began in this city by a sudden curtailment on the part of the Banks, which sought by this movement to put them in a position of strength; it next extended to the other Atlantic cities, and will soon reach Western States. The number of failures reported within the last month throughout the country is little short of four hundred, and they involve liabilities to the amount of between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars. The contraction effected by the Banks of New York and of the other Atlantic cities amounts, as nearly as can be calculated, to about thirty millions of dollars; but of course the first effects of this contraction are now felt in the immediate neighborhood of those cities. In a few weeks the rebound will be still more distressingly evident in the East and West. Many of the New England Banks have in serious contemplation a suspension of specie payments, and the failure of the old Bank of Pennsylvania is a most ominous feature of the crisis. There is no danger of the suspension of specie payments by the New York Banks, so far as the currency is concerned—thanks to the system on which they are conducted. We have not the same confidence, however, in regard to the banks in the surrounding country, which are without any security to the billholders.

"The expansion in commercial and financial affairs which is producing these disastrous results commenced about seven or eight years ago, when gold was first discovered in California, and when remittances began to be made in large amounts from that region. Up to the present time, probably not less than $500,000,000 of gold have been received, chiefly in New York, from the shores of the Pacific. This large amount of treasure has naturally formed the basis of a vast and magnificent financial and commercial system, increasing most of our productive values, and multiplying railroads, buildings, ships and perty of every description beyond even the wants of our population. Speculation of all kinds has run riot during the last six or seven years, and although we have grown rich faster than any other country, we have kept ahead of our wealth and of our actual progress by a reckless course of expansion, wild enterprise and social extravagance, which not contented with native resources, has sought to gather to itself all the luxuries and exotic enjoyments that other countries can supply. Our disease has been, in fact, a plethora of business and social follies unsurpassed by the excesses of any other nation of any other epoch. Prices, values and rents have advanced to a point never before known. The reaction has at length overtaken us; and although we have had an immense basis in the specie dug from the California mines, we have reared upon it a vaster and more magnificent superstructure of credit, which is rapidly breaking down, from its too great extension and superabundance.

"We must return to our old habits of economy, curtail our expenditures, sell off our extra horses and carriages, cut down the magnitude of our domestic establishments, and introduce a rigid cash system into all our operations, before we can hope to recover from the shock of the present disaster and enter upon a career of staple and permanent prosperity."

A STROLL IN THE WOODS.

City life! wearied with the toil of the long sultry day, the anxiety and confusion of mixed hurried business intercourse with our fellow man, how the body languishes, the spirit droops and the heart grows weary! O for a resting place, some lone quiet spot, to recline our wearied form, and hold sweet communion with nature and nature's God! There is a place; enter the wild wood. But as you enter, listen! A spirit sweetly sings—

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experiance, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of nature. The calm shade [breeze
Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet
That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm [here
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt [shades
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these
Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while below
The squirrell, with raised paw and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade [beam
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the winged plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the Old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquility. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."

Mr. Everett at Richmond.

The Daily *Whig* of the 24th Sept. makes the following announcement—

We rejoice to have it in our power to announce that the Hon. Edward Everett will repeat his oration on Washington in this city during the approaching Fair. At the same time there will be a formal presentation to him of General Washington's cane, which was purchased for the gifted and distinguished orator by the ladies of the Virginia Mount Vernon Association. The announcement we have made will, we are sure, be received with unbounded delight by the people of this Commonwealth, and will attract to the metropolis a vast multitude, eager to listen to an address so far-famed, and of such matchless eloquence and power. We only speak what we think and feel, when we say that it is amply worth a trip across the ocean to hear Mr. Everett deliver his great oration on Washington. That as many of the people of Virginia may hear it as desire, we suggest now, in order to give full time for preparation, that a place be selected which shall comfortably accommodate not less than ten thousand persons—for that will be the minimum number present to hear it, if suitable arrangements are made for the public accommodation. And then, in a single night, ten thousand dollars will be raised in aid of the high and noble enterprise which the ladies have originated, and which they are pushing forward with commendable energy everywhere, *except*—we blush to say it—*here in Virginia!*

Lecture:—Dr. A. Crane, of New Orleans, will lecture in the Young Men's Hall this, Wednesday, evening at 7 o'clock, on the Philosophy of Man, diseases of the Eye, and the nature and treatment of diseases of the Throat and Lungs by Inhalation. The Lecture to-night is free, and will be followed by a course, if he succeeds in forming a class. Private consultations can be had at Brittain's hotel.

☞ W. W. Holden, Esq., is to deliver the Agricultural Address before the Duplin County Agricultural Society on the 6th of November next.

The Capitol of the United States.

In alluding to the extension of the Capitol, and to the fact that the old Senate and Representative halls will soon be deserted, the Philadelphia *Press* has the following reflections, which are suggestive of pleasant and mournful memories:

At a moment when the proportions of this great edifice are being rapidly extended, the Past comes over us filled with memories. In the hall of the House shortly to be deserted great events have transpired, great actors have appeared. Who that now looks down from the echoing gallery, and upon the vacant seats, will fail to recall young Clay, the gallant "Harry with his beaver up," when, in the prime of health and manly beauty, he witched the world with noble deeds, rousing the country for the war, and commanding the love and admiration of his followers; and who will not summon back to his mental vision Webster, Lowndes, Macon, Pickering, Pinkney, John Randolph, and all that procession of men who lived in the brain and inspire the heart of a grateful posterity! Nor can that other figure—standing almost in the front of the scene—fail to rivet the gaze, as it has animated the pencil of Art and the pen of History—the form of the austere, simple-hearted, philosophic, yet patriotic, John C. Calhoun! The eagerness and the boldness of this great man in early youth, as one of the leaders of the war measures against Great Britain, and the eloquence and power he then displayed, were a fitting basis for the majestic monument that he erected for himself in after years—a monument that will endure through ages of time.

Equally interesting reminiscences are awakened by a visit to the Senate hall, also soon to be abandoned. We recall Benton, Buchanan, Cass, Van Buren, Wright, Clayton, Woodbury, Linn, Preston, Poindexter, McDuffie, Southard, and their compeers, and the first appearance in public life of that man before whose iron will and noble heart despotism yielded its terrors, and the people gave up their affections—Andrew Jackson of Tennessee.

And every stone in the old Capitol recalls the name of the Father of the Country, who founded not only that great edifice, but laid deep the pillars of the Republic. His image multiplied in marble adorns the public grounds, and speaks from undying canvass; but his name will endure forever.

Every day the name of Jefferson is breathed in accents of praise by his grateful countrymen, or shouted forth from the lips of the orator, as their watchword, to his followers.

Here, too, we recall the precepts of James Madison, the compeer and colleague of the sage of Monticello.

Here, also, we are reminded of the calm patriotism of that model statesman, James Monroe.

Of all these recollections, how few of those who, while living, a nation delighted to honor, are left to us! All gone, but Buchanan, Cass, Benton, Van Buren, Preston, and a few more. The rest have departed to that better home—to that God whom they best served while serving their country.

And what of the future? Who shall take the places of these lamented patriots? Who shall be the giants in the massive and extended halls of the new Capitol?—What voice will ring out from that forum to electrify and rouse the land in the hour of a nation's utmost peril?—Who will be the Jackson, the Clay, the Webster, the Calhoun, the Randolph, the Lowndes of the coming strife? Alas, who will be the Washington? Who the Jefferson? Who the Hamilton?

Let us hope for the best! Trusting in God; resting upon His arm; following His counsels; obeying His decrees; and rallying round our Constitution, every new danger will doubtless call forth new heroes and new leaders.

Portable Alchohol Cook.—From a notice in the "Washington States," whose local editor uses this "Cook" daily, we learn its import.—

"The family that is without an alcohol-cook forgoes a great advantage, especially in the Summer season. With an apparatus not larger than a man's hat, and a stock of fuel in a pint bottle, a family of half a dozen may enjoy the day in a boat or in the forest, and breakfast, dine and sup on hot cooked food, with a tea or coffee beverage, and Dr. Chuton has just perfected a bake-oven accompaniment, by means of which hot loaves, rolls, or buiscut, and baked meats may be added to the bill of fare."

Canvassers or Tinners might do well to apply to the patent agent, 486 Seventh st., Washington D. C.

A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing.—A correspondent of the Greenbrier Era, writing from Braxton C. H., Va., says:

A minister of the Methodist Protestant Church in this county, named Wm. E. Ray, whose wife has been in the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, at Williamsburg, Va., since 1854, it is said, has been addressing a young lady, with the view of making her Mrs. Ray No. 2, and to carry out his designs, exhibited forged letters from the superintendent, signed J. M. Stribling, stating that his wife was dead. The father of Mrs. Ray having received a letter from Dr. Galt, superintendent of the Eastern Lunatic Asylum, informing him that she was alive, and in good health, except epileptic lunacy, with which she is afflicted, the Rev. Wm., it is said, sloped for parts unknown, to escape an indictment for forgery.

GENERAL HENNINGSEN.

The Wilmington Journal of Monday says this gentleman left Washington 22nd, *en route* for New Orleans. We notice in a letter to the Charleston Mercury, dated at Washington on the 18th instant, the following remarks in relation to him:

"General Henningsen returned to our city to-day. Who has not heard of General Henningsen? I should take him to be forty. He is full six feet high, rather slender, calm, and intelligent looking. You would not think of him as a soldier, although his stature and bearing well befit the calling. You must think more of the scholar as you talk with him; for you cannot help perceiving that he is a scholar, though as unassuming and simple as a child.

"I look upon a genius as upon the falls of Niagara, with admiration and wonder; and however familiarly I may approach to either, there is still a feeling of awe in the contemplation. And Henningsen is a genius; a soldier of courage and science; a scholar; a linguist of varied and extraordinary skill; a writer of masterly ability. If he could be happy away from the field of excitement and danger, he could be eminently useful to the world in the field of literature and science. Where has he not been during the past eventful 20 years? An officer under Zomallacaregui in Spain; the author of two volumes comprising the life and expeditions of that officer; a compatriot of Kossuth in Hungary; the Civil Governor of Comorn; an exile with Kossuth; a writer of a great force and elegance on the affairs of Russia, Turkey, Circassia and the Caucassus, in the Democratic Review of 1851, '52, and other works; a traveler in many lands; an actor in many scenes; scholar and traveler alike. I believe the General is of English birth, but of titled German parentage. If it be said by any one that this is not a commendation, I have to answer that it is no disparagement. The General acknowledges a task yet unperformed; he will be heard of in Central America again."

Gen. H. was in Wilmington Monday. He is quiet and unassuming in manner—a well informed gentleman without pretension, speaking freely of the places or countries he has visited—never of himself, in fact about as far removed from the popular raw-head and bloody-bones notion of a Fillibuster, as a man well could be. And yet his has certainly been a stirring life, abounding in moving accidents by blood and field, both in the old world and the new. He appears sanguine of success in Nicaragua, which he speaks of as a most glorious country, superior to Cuba for the cultivation of Sugar and other tropical products, and peculiarly adapted to slave labor.

The General hails from Georgia, where he married and where his family resides. He is essentially Southern in his views and feeling, fully posted upon all political questions, and evidently a student of history and of political economy. About the eventual success of the enterprise in which he is engaged, we hardly care to speak, for the simple reason that we have few data upon which to found an opinion. That he himself looks forward to ultimate success, we have no doubt, and we believe him to be a man of coolness and reflection, as well as of dauntless courage.

Eclectic Magazine:—For superior reading, and size of publication, the Eclectic Magazine of foreign literature is not only the best, but the cheapest periodical published. It is the cream of all the foreign publications collected into one book. Each number contains 144 large double column pages, beautifully printed, and is illustrated with one or more steel engravings of the finest texture. A new volume commenced with the September number. W. H. Bidwell, Editor, N. York. Terms $5 a year in advance. Contents for October—

The Life of Charlotte Bronte, Phenomena of Electrical Science, The Sonnets of Shakspeare, A Few Words on France and French Affairs, Cicero and his Contemporaries, The Orators of the Ancient Church, The Education and Influence of Woman, Charles Spurgeon and the Pulpit, Catherine of Wurtemberg, Matter of Fact and Matter of Fiction, North on Homer, The Argument from Design, Suicide in Life and Literature, The Testimony of the Rocks, The Fairy Family, Douglas Jerrold, Spanish Conquest in America, Wells of Fire, the Crystal Sphere, Literary Miscellanies.

THE BLUE RIDGE TUNNELL.

The Richmond Dispatch says this great work is now complete, except the laying of the rails, which will be completed in a few days under the direction of the Central Railroad Company.

Although the work has been one of great difficulties, and has occupied a longer time than contemplated, it is an achievement of which the State may be proud, and which reflects great credit on the distinguished engineer, Col. Crozet, under whose superintendence it has been accomplished.

That admirable expedient, Engineer Ellett's temporary mountain track, over which the cars have passed with such regularity and safety during the construction of the tunnel, and which, as an engineering achievement is unsurpassed in this country, will soon give place to the hole in the mountain, and an hour's time be gained in the trip to Staunton. The East and the Valley will now become one; for, by the completion of the tunnel the mountain boundary may be considered as removed, and the Valley is now as accessible in point of time, and much more so in the mode of travel, than some portions of Hanover were under the stage regime.

Fall Fashions.—For the benefit of our lady readers we have to say that the Fall fashions promise in no wise to detract from their "fair proportions." There is no probability that hoops will be relinquished during the present season. All the new robes require the same amount of extension to produce their usual brilliant effect, and the annoyance of clinging skirts, after being accustomed to hoops, is so great, that it will be long before ladies will consent to resume them. In the new fall hoops we notice some modification in the size, which renders them more desirable for the season, plain heavy materials not requiring the amount of expansion permitted to light summer fabrics.

Handsome morning dresses are made of black and white check silk and wool, with a plain skirt, deep jacket, and wide sleeves, bordering with a bright contrasting color, such as cherry, deep blue, green, maroon. This is a fanciful caprice, but it is very pretty notwithstanding.

For the purposes of decoration, velvet buttons, and chinile trimmings are mostly in vogue, and are prepared in every variety of style.

Poplins have made their appearance this season, in quite a new form, the central colors being wide stripes of dark purple, green, or brown, plaided at immense distances by narrow stripes of orange-colored silk, or cherry. The prominent feature in all the designs for the season, is their large, bold, and striking character; for small, modest people, no provison seems to have been made.

A very handsome cloak has made its appearance this season. The shape is a shawl circle pointed back and front, and surmounted by a pretty three pointed hood. To each of these three points handsome tassels are attached, and to the points of the cloak before still larger tassels are suspended with very stylish effect. The material is a very fine naples cloth, in all the favorite shades of drab and brown.

In trimmings a great deal of taste will be displayed this season, the materials being very rich, and combined in beautiful forms. The advent of chenille has proved quite an era in the manufacture of various kinds of decorations, its susceptibility to charming effects having rendered it an important auxiliary in combination with other materials, aside from the great number of elegant novelties in which it froms the prominet feature.

Wm. Gilmore Simms, L. L. D.—We see that the Officers and Cadets of the King's Mountain Military School intend celebrating the anniversary of the battle of King's Mountain. They will encamp for a week near the town of Yorkville, S. C., commencing on the 4th October. During the week, Wm. Gilmore Simms will deliver a course of lectures, and on the Anniversary, will deliver an address.

TAILOR WANTED.

An advertiser in this issue offers good inducements for a Tailor. He says there is only one in Wentworth, or in ten miles around and he intends quitting the business soon.

Olin High School.

The associate of the Goldsboro Tribune, writing from Olin, Iredell County, N. C., holds forth the following—

The Olin High School, located at this place, conducted by the Rev. Baxter Clegg, now has about fifty or sixty pupils. The school building is a large, three story edifice, of brick, well constructed and appointed, and is adapted for the use of a large number of pupils. Mr. Clegg is too well known throughout the country as an eminent teacher and high-toned gentleman, to require eulogy at my hands. He has competent assistants, and we are assured that the courses of study pursued, are as full and thorough as in any school of similar grade in the country. The population of this village, and in fact of the entire county are an intelligent hard working, straight forward set of people, who will compare favorably with the population of any other county in the up country. The health of the county, location, and the character of the community all considered, the Olin High School offers inducements possessed by but few other places in the country.

Normal College.

By a private letter from Normal College we understand it is having unusual success. The letter say "there are more students in College now than ever known at one time before. They number about 175, and are continually arriving. In the Freshman class there are about 60."

Prof. Wm. T. Gannaway, formerly Principal of the Germanton Masonic Institute, has been appointed to a Professorship in Normal College, and is now at his post. We have been acquainted with Mr. Gannaway for a number of years as one of the most successful instructors in the country, and we congratulate the Trustees of Normal College in being so fortunate as to secure his services.

Gloomy Prospect.—The New York Tribune predicts that by the first or middle of next December, at least one hundred thousand persons in the city of New York will be out of means. The ship yards in New York are nearly idle, the founderies but half working, and the great clothing stores doing very little. It is stated that women have recently come to New York from places three hundred miles away in quest of work from the clothing stores, only to be turned off with none and compelled to beg their way home again. The Tribune adds that places have looked for servant girls for some time past; soon servant girls will look earnestly for places, and be very glad to find them. It is predicted that soup houses for hungry laborers who can find no labor will be wanted before January! The Journal of Commerce is of opinion that hardly, since 1833, has so gloomy a prospect for winter lowered upon the laboring classes of New York.

The Specie by the Central America—more than Three Millions of Dollars Probably Lost.—The amount of treasure which is supposed to be lost by the steamship Central America has no doubt been greatly underrated by the different statements which have been made. That Capt. Badger had twenty thousand dollars, that another passenger strewed about the deck twenty thousand dollars in gold dust, that two ladies let loose eleven thousand dollars in double eagles, that Mr. Bassford dropped two thousand dollars into the sea when he jumped into the boat, that Mr. Lowe gave a lady two thousand to take care of, and so forth, warrant us in the belief that there were at least an average of three thousand dollars in specie in the hands of each male and some of the female passengers. We therefore base the following table upon the supposition that four hundred and sixty-five passengers averaged three thousand dollars each:

In the hands of 465 passengers	$1,395,000
On freight	1,600,000
In the hands of the crew at least	5,000
Total on board and lost	$3,000,000

Why is a hog the most extraordinary animal in creation?

Because you first kill him and then *cure* him.

MARRIED,

On the evening of the 22nd inst., by Rev. John Pickard, Mr. William Hopkins to Miss Martha J. daughter of Robert Walker, Sen., Esqr., all of Rockingham County.

On the 17th inst., in Bristol, Va., by the Rev. F. T. Goodwin, Mr. Wm. M. BARTLEY, one of the Principals of the Va. & Tenn. Col. Institute, to Miss C. AMALIA T. HENRIGUES, both of Bristol, Va.

In Yanceyville, 20th Aug., by Rev. J. Simpson, Mr. JAS. L. ROBERTS to Miss ELIZABETH LYON.

On the evening of the 23rd ult., by Rev. C. Phillips of N. C. Conference, JAS. A. PENN, Esq., to Miss LUCINDA S. PENN, youngest daughter of Capt. Thos. Penn, all of Patrick county, Va.

"She is thine own:
And you are as rich in having such a Jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were Pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure Gold."

DIED,

In Caswell county, recently, Mr. DANIEL GUNN—an aged and highly esteemed citizen, and an exemplary member of the M. E. Church.

Bronchitis and Cough Cured.—Boston, August 15.—Messrs. S. W. Fowle & Co.,—*Gentlemen:* Having been troubled for a considerable time with a bad Cough and Bronchil affection, I was induced to try a bottle of *Dr Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry*; which I am happy to say entirely removed the difficulty. I deem it but justice to say thus much for the benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted

GEORGE H. DAVIS

Firm of Hallet & Davis, Piano-Forte Manuf'r. Boston, I hereby certify that I am personally acquainted with Geo. H. Davis, Esq. and have the fullest confidence in the above statement.

H. G. BARROWS,
Boston, Aug. 15. Late Practising Physician.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

NOTICE TO TAILORS WANTING A SITUATION.

A rare chance is offered in Wentworth, N. C., to a good *TAILOR* who understands the cutting business, for further particulars apply to this office or to T. A.,
Wentworth, P. O., N. C (9tx1w)

STEDMAN'S SALEM MAGAZINE is to be the title of a LITERARY PERIODICAL, to be published monthly, in the town of Salem, North-Carolina, by Andrew J. Stedman, a member of the N. C. Bar.

In offering to the Public my Magazine, I claim for the Editorial Chair no superiority over that department of other like Periodicals; but I do claim for the talent of North-Carolina, and the South generally, that will be brought to its support, Southern patronage. And I also, as a Southern man, and the Editor of a Southern Magazine, claim at the hands of the Southern country, and especially of North-Carolina, that aid and support that will here, at home, establish, upon a firm basis, a fountain of Literature, and exclusively a Home Literary Magazine.

Many are the Magazines now published in the Northern States that are flooding the whole Southern country. There is not, (it is probable,) a county in any Southern State that is not visited by "Harper," "Graham," "Peterson," or "Godey;" while here, in North Carolina and the South, where genius unsurpassed and unequaled reigns, the literary talent that is brought into exercise is dedicated to the support of Northern Magazines, while Southern enterprise, taste and love in humble submission to such suicidal policy of Southern contributors.

Why, I ask, cannot we—North-Carolina, the South—send greeting to our Southern clime a Magazine, acceptable for the many qualities that adorn the pages of the most chaste, elegant and polite Periodicals? It is true that the South has her Magazines; but few in number are they, and unknown, compared to the publications of the North, which every mail brings to our homes, filled with the result of hired labor, and teeming with unpardonable sedition.

Then I appeal to North-Carolina and other Southern States to aid me in my enterprise, and in promoting a literary taste amongst those upon whom, as a Southern man, I have claims.

My Magazine will be of the usual size; and nothing will be admitted to its pages but such articles as will meet the approval of the most fastidious. It shall be ILLUSTRATED WITH ENGRAVINGS AND PLATES of the most elegant texture, equaling in beauty and style any executed at the North.

My price of subscription is THREE DOLLARS per year, which is required to be paid in advance, as the expense to be incurred in establishing such a publication will not admit of a credit system.

☞ *The First Number will be issued in January, 1858.*

A. J. STEDMAN,
Sept. 1, 1857. Editor and Proprietor.

N. B.—My address until the 1st of November will be Patrickborough, N. C.—after that time it will be Salem, N. C.

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES. Vest and Fob Chains, Breastpins, Finger, Ear-rings, Revolvers, Pistols, Pocket Memorandum and Spectacles for sale by S. ARCHER.

Annuals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Dewis' for sale by
E. W. OGBURN & CO.

Notice! VALUABLE Land Sale in Caswell Co., N. C.

ON TUESDAY, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1857, we shall offer for sale the land of *Thomas Garrett*, dec'd, one of the most valuable Tracts in the country, containing some **690 Acres** more or less. This land is situated on the public road leading from High Rock to Yanceyville, 1 mile from Camp Spring Meeting House, 6 miles from Neel's Store, and 13 miles from Yanceyville. It is one of the most desirable locations in Caswell county, well watered and about half *HEAVILY TIMBERED* with the best Oak and Poplar, and within half a mile of a good Saw Mill. There is also one of the best *ORCHARDS* on the premises in the county. The said Land adjoins the lands of the late Thomas Williamson, dec'd, and the land formerly owned by Thomas Reid, Esq., on the County Line, and Moses Simpson and John Henry Simpson. It is not often that such valuable TOBACCO LAND as this can be bought in the county. Planters look out for yourselves. Mr. John Henry Simpson will show the land to parties wishing to see it. On the same day *all of the property* that the said Thomas Garrett died in possession of, will be sold. A lot of NEGROES, Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, Corn, Wheat, and many other articles too tedious to mention. Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.

(9tx5w) J. & F. GARRETT.

☞ Weekly Raleigh Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

LAND and NEGRO SALE in Caswell county, N. C.

ON FRIDAY, 6th NOVEMBER, 1857, I shall sell a valuable Tract of land in Caswell co., at the late residence of *Robert Swift*, dec'd, containing **500 Acres** more or less. This land is desirable in every respect, and well watered and timbered. The improvements on the land are very good. The Dwelling House is new and not quite finished. Outhouses good. This land lies about two and a half miles south of Camp Springs and adjoins the lands of Moses Simpson, John Simpson and the Widow Joseph Simpson, on the waters of Stony Creek. It is fine TOBACCO LAND. Planters! now is the time for you to look to your interest. The land is in half a mile of a first rate Merchant Mill.

On the same day I shall sell ten or twelve valuable NEGROES, and all the Horses, Cows, Sheep, Hogs, and all the other property belonging to the estate of the said Robert Swift.

Terms liberal and made known on day of sale.

(9tx5w) JAMES M. GARRETT.

☞ Weekly Ral. Standard; Milton Chronicle; and Danville Republican copy 1 month and send account to this office.

JAMES M. HUGHES, FASHIONABLE TAILOR, West Market Street, one door below the Book Store. All persons wishing Clothes made in the latest style and on the most reasonable terms, can be accommodated by calling at my shop. I have a regular agency by which I receive the Paris, New York and Philadelphia fashions every three months. No establishment in the country is better prepared to give good and fashionable work. One trial is all that is asked, and if satisfaction is not given as above, the money will be refunded both in cutting and making.

JAMES M. HUGHES,
March 12, 1857.

THE REVISED CODE.

50 COPIES received and for sale.
E. W. OGBURN.

HAWKS' HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA for sale at the Book Store by
E. W. OGBURN & CO.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!

JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.

Also,

SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled. Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

HESPERIAN HARP, THE LARGEST and one of the best NOTE BOOKS in use, by Rev. Wm. Hauser, M. D., for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE. A GOOD second-hand Carriage for sale very cheap. Apply soon to
July 11, 1856. E. G. LINDSAY.

A New Book.

The Old North State in 1776. Second Series, by E. W. Caruthers, D. D., just published, and for sale by
Aug., 1856 E. W. OGBURN.

LAST NOTICE. ALL BONDS AND ACCOUNTS due Rankin & McLean, and not satisfactorily arranged by the 15 day of October next, will be placed in the proper officers hands for collection. Let all who are interested attend, without delay, to this notice and save cost and trouble. JED. H. LINDSAY, Trustee.
8t—8t. *Tr. Rankin & McLean.*

A GENERAL assortment of Hardware, Grain and Grass Scythes, Nails, Cordage, &c. E. G. LINDSAY,
N. E. corner of Elm & Market.

HAND VICES, BEEF MALLS, German, Blister & Cast Steel, Wheat, Meat, & Sand Sieves, received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

COLLINS & Co. GENUINE Hartford Axes, for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60:1y

BOARD AT NORMAL COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the citizens, the following was established as the price of Board for the next three terms:—Board including every thing necessary, except washing and fuel, paid in advance, $6.50 per month. Paid at the end of the Term, 7.00 " "
Washing, .75 "

This will reduce the necessary expenses to about $165 per annum, for the highest rate.

Next term commences September 17.

E. CRAVEN.
Sept. 2, 1856. 3tf

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time. Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. B. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made on Medicine sent by mail, at a reasonable

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him and consult him.

RECOLLECTIONS of a Life-time; or Men I Met, a work to "Build" Manhood upon. Depicting, by the Authors of Guides to Life and Health, Success vs. the Failure of David, Missing Paths, Sparrowgrass, the modern Whitefield, with numerous other works, and articles just received and for sale at the Book Store by E. W. OGBURN & CO.

all kinds of Blanks for sale.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

CALIFORNIA SCENERY.

Some of the grandest, if not *the* grandest scenery on the globe, is located in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of California. A traveller has recently passed through a portion of it and writes to the *Presbyterian* a sketch of what he saw. We shall make use of his observations. He introduces his letter with this paragraph.

No country in the wide world presents to the traveller so varied and intensely interesting objects as California. It has been my pleasant lot, in passing through the State, to visit some of these. To describe them fully is impossible. Even the plainest matters of *fact* seem almost incredible. Amongst the natural curiosities stand pre-eminent the Yo Sernite Falls, a secluded but romantic spot far up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Although near three hundreed miles from San Francisco, and part of the way quite difficult of access, still a party of us determined to visit them, and made our arrangements accordingly.

Traveling in stages as far as the roughness of the country would permit, the company, consisting of a guide, four gentlemen, and the lady of one of the gentlemen, each procured a Mexican pony or mule, and set out on their journey. After an account of the first days ride and the night camp in the wilderness, the writer proceeds.

WILD AND GRAND SCENERY.

Early the next morning we were again on our winding way. Our pack gave us considerable trouble, but at length we passed along without interruption. Our trail now grew still more and more indistinct, and often led us over and around the most fearful precipices, and down into the deepest kanyons. We ascended a long projecting spur of the Sierra Nevada to which we clung for miles, and from which we had the grandest mountain scenery. Often our path hung on the imminent side of a chasm, so steep that one slip might have been the destruction of both horse and rider. Far below us in these deep chasms roared the mountain torrents The deep wooded valleys around us sunk deeper and deeper, and at last disappeared behind the high mountains that gradually rose as we ascended. These Mountains and valleys were densely covered with immense pines. Their number, height, and thickness are almost incredible—hanging often over giddy depths, and clutching with desperate roots to the almost perpendicular sides of the gorges. At length, from the mountain peak, through the opening shafts of these immense trees, we caught the first glimpse of the snow-capped Sierras. Soon the whole range glistened before us in the sunshine like a mountain of snow. We seemed to be almost as high, and apparently only a little valley separated us, whilst in reality they were *thirty* miles distant, and some thousands of feet higher. Gladly would we have lingered longer here, but the sun was now high up in the heavens, and a rough ride of twenty miles still before us. On we jogged without interruption, except an occasional battle with a rattlesnake or the bagging of a mountain grouse. At length our guide pointed to the opening of the Merced Valley and the first distant water-fall. It was still eight miles. No pen can describe the grandeur and beauty of that distant view. A mighty chasm seemed to open up in a mountain of rock. How deep or how long, we could not tell; only a water-fall of hundreds of feet seemed to lose itself in the abyss below. But we longed for the valley itself, and pushed on our jaded animals down the mountain, and over roaring mountain torrents, often conjecturing how we could possibly reach the opposite ridge, and wind round that high projecting cliff.

PERILOUS TRAVELLING.

At last we stood on the edge of the mountain which forms one of the walls near the opening of the valley. Thousands of feet immediately below us roared and foamed in milky whiteness the Merced river, whilst immediately opposite, and apparently close at hand, rose up an almost perpendicular rocky mountain. To our left the valley lengthened out for miles. We could scarcely see its depth from where we stood, so narrow and precipitous were its walls. How to get down was the absorbing question. Scarcely had we commenced the descent when it became apparent that to ride was extremely dangerous, if not impossible. Indeed, our amazement constantly was how a horse could possibly cling to the mountain side, on a narrow path, often not eighteen inches wide, and not unfrequently as steep as the ordinary roof of a house. None but mules, or Mexican horses, accustomed to these mountains, could possibly do it. Some times we crossed from ridge to ridge, at the top of immense chasms, hundreds of feet deep, and almost perpendicular over a narrow path, built out on a little ledge of some steep, projecting rock. A misstep then, and all was gone. But after winding about, and clinging to the rocky mountain for more than two miles, we at length reached the valley, and perfectly worn down with excitement and fatigue, we threw ourselves down on the smooth green banks of the Merced, and drank of its cold, icy waters. It was suggested that we should camp here. But the distant view of the stupendous rocks and high hills just before us made us too impatient to rest there long. And now commenced the grand, and almost overpowering reality of the high walls of solid rock. The valley was here perhaps more than two miles wide, although it appeared much less, owing to its great depth.

BRIDAL VEIL FALLS AND GIANT'S PILLAR.

We were not long before we stood opposite the "Bridal Veil Falls," the same we saw from the distant hills. This stream of water rises in the mountains which divide the south from the middle fork of the Merced. It was quite full at this time. The fall of water is nine hundred and twenty-eight feet perpendicular, and then it rolls away down through rocks and deep ravines to the river below. The sun was just at this time shedding his beams down the valley as he declined in the west. As they fell full upon the falls the whole column of milk-white foam was tinged with the golden hues of the rainbow.

A little above we came in full view of the "Giant's Pillar"—the *El-Capitan* of the valley. This noble rock is some three-fourths of a mile in length and three thousand one hundred feet in height. It is the terminus of a range of granite rocks which walls in the northern front of the valley. Its face is as smooth as if it had been hewn, and is perpendicular, leaning at one point some fifty feet over the valley. Never before did I feel a disposition to take off my hat to an inanimate object. We rode close along its base, and lingered as we rode, often to gaze up and along this immense wall. About midway along the smooth top an immense detached square block is laid, as if by man, to face precisely the smooth surface below. On the opposite side, and a little above, are the "Brothers." To the right of these again are the "Twin Sisters," whilst on the same side, and not far distant, is "Sentinel Rock," from the top of which the Indians lit their signal firse in times of danger. It projects out, and can be seen from almost any part of the valley. All these, with their high craggy peaks looming up to the clouds, present a magnificent picture—one on which the eye never grows weary. Two or three miles further up we came to the ford where the river is generally crossed. On the opposite side was a little dug out canoe. How to make it available was the question. We were, however, soon relieved by discovering a notice on a tree close by, requesting all who wished to cross to fire a gun, which we did. Soon we were ferried across the swift deep river, with all our trappings, in quite a primitive way. The guide swam the horses, and in an hour after we were camped by the side of a little stream of cold water, and nearly opposite the great Yo Sernite Falls. Even thousands of ravenous mosquitoes or the hard ground could not prevent us from sleeping soundly that night.

YO SERNITE FALLS.

Early the next morning we were in our saddles, ready for a thorough exploration of the remainder of the valley. A few hundred yards, and we stood before the "Yo-Sernite Falls," which are probably the highest in the world, being no less in all than 2548 feet. For fourteen hundred feet the fall is uninterrupted. Then a very steep ravine for 400 feet, when the water again makes a clear sweep of 748 feet to the mass of broken rocks below. No description can be given of their beauty or grandeur. The reader must imagine to himself not so much the amount of water as their immense height, and the grace and beauty with which it comes gently down. We were impressed with this, as beautiful jets came gently over, and fell amid the white foam, which we could distinctly trace to the rocks below, and which clearly indicated their height by the length of time it took them to descend. The valley here is perhaps not more than a mile wide. To look up it seemed often as though it was not more than a stone's throw across. We were now in the midst of gigantic rocks. On our right was one which in height and length, was equal to the "Giant's Pillar." On our left, a little above, the "Dome Rock" reared its arched peak no less than 3800 feet high; whilst immediately in front of us, and apparently at the head of the valley, "Francis' Peak" looms up far above the surrounding cliffs, unsurpassed in height, and unequalled in grandeur. Its height is 4593 feet by actual measurement, or seven eights of a mile high—the whole being about 8000 feet above the level of the ocean. A large drift of snow lay basking in the sun on a portion of its peak, which would require still many weeks to melt away.

LAKE HIAWATHA AND THE MERCED FALLS.

Near the base of these rocks is the beautiful little Lake Hiawatha, covering about thirty acres stocked and filled with speckled trout. The great Master Artist has hung out here the grandest picture gallery this world can produce. Beauty is painted on every line, whilst majesty and power stands out boldly on every massive rock and towering crag. No wonder that we might contemplate the wonderful works of God. But the end was not yet. Our guide informed us of another, and in some respects a still more wonderful water-fall, but very difficult of access. We determined to make the attempt at least to reach it. Tying our horses to a tree we set out on foot, following the river, which now came tumbling down through immense broken rocks. Sometimes we were compelled to cling to the steep precipitous rocks close to the river, bracing ourselves up with poles or long staves; and then again we would descend and squeeze our way through narrow passages, and over immense masses of broken rocks; and all this for more than a mile. But at last the whole party, including Mrs. S., stood upon a broad, flat, rock immediately before an unbroken fall of near 500 feet, over which the whole Merced river came gracefully down. It was at the time 150 feet wide and about 15 feet deep, retaining its unbroken form a long distance down, then plunging, with a deafening roar, in the great chasm below. We tarried long, then slowly returned to our animals, and then to our camp. When, as the last lingering rays of the sun were tinging the craggy peaks around us, we sat down to our humble, but as sweet a dinner as the proudest monarch ever relished. That night some of us slept but little. Nor did we much regret it, as long before the dawn of day the moon shone out, and drew the shadow of the rugged mountain cliffs on the smooth rock immediately before us. We got up and watched it, and listened at that dead hour to the solemn music of the Falls, and lifted up our hearts, as we trust, in sincere praise to the God of creation as well as providence.

But these notes are far too long. I could not make them shorter. Even now the half is not told. The variety, as well as tall graceful trees, beautiful lawns, gay and beautiful flowers of June, and the birds and fishes, are all well worthy of notice; but not now.

SABBATH IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The day following we re-crossed the river, took a last lingering look as we rode slowly out of the valley, and clambered up the steep rocky mountain. Again we camped in a spur of the Sierra, where we spent the Sabbath, offering to God, morning and evening, as well as at the usual hours of public worship, our sincere tribute of praise and thanksgiving. The dense forest of the mountain was an inspiring temple, and we broke forth in unrestrained songs to that God "whose works praise him," and whose providence was ever round about us. After six days and five nights spent in the dense forest, where wild animals and venemous serpents are scarcely ever disturbed, we returned safely to Coultersville, and the next day home, tired, but grateful for what we had seen, as well as what we experienced. In my next I will speak of the no less wonderful mammoth trees of Calaveras.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

LET THE SOUTH ALONE!

BY MRS. C. HUTCHINS.

'Tis strange, that Northern men will sigh, when
negro-wrongs are told;
And let their *white slaves* work and die beneath
a heavier load.
The *wife*, the gentle wife, may toil, unheeded
and unknown,
To win one smile from her lieged lord, and then
perchance he'll frown:
For if he deigns to *eat* at home, what can a
wife ask more?
Surely she'd not expect a *man*; in that domestic *working den*,
To spend his leisure hours;
And if she ventures to complain, the consequence is strife
Too late she learns that wives are slaves, the compact says for life.
Her children too, in bondage born, are northern
planters' slaves;
They toil and gather into barns, whate'er kind
Heaven gives
The wages of an hireling—they gladly would
receive,
But, no: like slaves of southern climes, they're
just allow'd to live.
And oft these wretched *slaves* at home consume
the midnight oil
To fill *his* coffers while *he* roams, to brothels or
to broils.
He riots in his ill-got wealth, and spends the
precious time,
"Wasting his substance (and his health) with
harlots or in wine."
The cold neglect and bitter scorn, that female
slaves endure,
Proves that the masters of the North are brutal
and severe.
'Tis night! the wife lone vigil keeps, her grief
defies control:
Fierce agony that knows no sleep, is preying on
her soul.
She pines away in secret, obeys a tyrant's nod:
There's none to soothe her breaking heart, *none*
see her tears but God.
Thrice sear'd her best affections, she dies and
is forgot:
The keener her perceptions, the harder is her
lot.
Ye tender-hearted masters, that feel for negro-
wrongs,
Drive out the scorpion from your hearths;
And *let* the *South alone!*

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RUTH.

FROM MY PORTFOLIO.

The beautiful sentiment, contained in the lines below, affords an apt illustration of the Truth:

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

However often the idea may be repeated it loses nothing, but like some bright star mirrored in the bosom of a secluded lake, every image of it by reflection or refraction presents a new beauty, which will be admired by every lover of true sentiment.

Entreat we not to leave thee,
Naomi, dearest friend;
Forbid me not to follow thee
E'en to life's journey's end:
For where thou goest, I will go,
Where'er the place shall be,
And where thou lodgest, I will lodge,
Nor ever part from thee.

Thy people, dear Naomi,
Shall be my people too;
Thy God shall be my God,
The Holy One and True:
And when this life is ended,
Wherever thou mayest die,
Beside thy grave, Naomi,
Thy daughter Ruth will be.

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman, that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are *biting* me," roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool," said the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

A teacher one day endeavoring to make a pupil understand the nature and application of a passive verb, said, 'A passive verb is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as Peter is beaten. Now, what did Peter do?' The boy, pausing a moment, with the gravest countenance imaginable, replied, 'Well, I don't know, without he *hollered*.'

Farm, House and Fun.

Variety in Fruits.

The present season shows the great advantage of cultivating as many of the different species of fruit as practicable, in order to secure a supply of *something*.—The peach crop is never looked upon as very certain anywhere; but in its absence we have been in the habit of looking to plums and apples. But the plum and apple crop are both a failure this year in most parts of the country—the plum from rotting chiefly, and the apple from injurious effects of the cold winters and dry summers on the trees, and the present unusual and unfavorable summer. Yet where all these have failed, pears have often produced fine crops; and even where pears too have failed, the small fruits for summer and the grape for autumn, have proved very valuable. The currant is probably the surest of all fruit crops, and this with its almost universal freedom from any disease or blight of the fruit, places it high on the list of valuable kinds. The raspberry, and especially Brinkle's Orange, and the Rochelle Blackberry, have filled a vacancy occasioned by the failure of early peaches and apricots; and strawberries and currants have taken the place of cherries. We would recommend to all landowners, who desire to secure a certain supply of fruit in different seasons, to omit the planting of nothing which possesses a fair character or promise—begining with strawberries, and including rasberries, currants, gooseberries, blackberries, grapes, melons, and the best sorts of cherries, apricots, peaches, plums, apples, and pears, both standard and dwarf.

Another "Hard Shell" Sermon.

A clerical correspondent, writes from the West, and once more trenches on forbidden ground by sending us another story of those people with hard sells, of whom we have heard enough already. He writes on this wise:

"When I was an agent of the Bible Society, and canvassing Fulton County, Illinois, I called on the Rev. Mr. Adger—a Hard-Shell Baptist—who, *not having a Bible*, was persuaded to buy one; 'Not that he needed it, but,' he said, 'it would be convenient to have one in the house.' I gave one to another of the same order because he was poor, and had only a dirty fragment of an old pocket Bible. And yet, he received it under protest, saying it was all a Yankee speculation.

"A neighbor of his told me the particulars of Mr. Adger's call to the ministry, as he heard them from his own lips. 'In a dream the Lord said to me I must go to a certain place and preach to the people; not being disobedient to the heavenly vision, I went in my dream as I was directed; but when I tried to speak I could not say a word. I just then discovered that I had swallowed my big Tennessee wagon, and the great pole stuck out of my mouth. I now began to pray in the best way I could, and the Lord came right down before all the people and took away the great stiff pole, and put in its stead a nice limber Yankee tongue, which was as the pen of a ready writer, and I began to thresh the mountains till they all became smooth prairie. Then I awoke, and have never once doubted my call to preach.'

"This is told in much better language than Mr. Adger is given to using when addressing his people. The following is a specimen of his style of oratory and illustration, as reported to me by one who head it:

"'My brethering, I am gwin to preach you a sermon on the gloris doctrin *we wunst in grace, allers in grace*; an' my tex you mought find, ef you had Bibles and knowed how to read, somewhar in the second part uv Samwel, which reads as follers:

"*He maketh my feet as hens' feet*;"

which you all know has got *three* claws before, an' *ony one* behind; so it is as *un*possible to slide backwards as it would be for a coon to come down a tree head first, unless he slipped and fell down. Speakin' uv coons, puts me in mind uv somethin' to tell; Last summer I killed a coon in my corn-field an' saved the skin. This winter I brought the skin to town; but all the storekeepers said it was uv no account,' cause it was kotched in the summer, and hadn't no fur. I knowed it hadn't much fur on to it, but it was a big skin, an' I tuk great pains in skinnin' on it; an' I thought if winter skins was a lawful tender at a dollar, mine must be wuth sunthin.' But I couldn't get a pic for it, an' at last I guv it to a clark. I was glad to get shut uv it, but he wouldn't have it after I guv it to him I couldn't think uv throwin' it away—*that would be wicked*; an' I was awfully bothered till I hit on a plan which I thought was just the thing. I put it loose in my outside pocket an' started for hum; but I hadn't gone far before I felt it working out. I didn't look round when it dropped, for the *idee* was to lose it; but I was tickled enough when I found it was clean gone at last. But who can describe my feelinks when a boy came runnin' an' hollerin,' "*Mr. Adger! Mr. Adger! here's your coon-skin!*"

"'Just so, my brethering, with religion. When a man has wunst got it, he can't sell it; he can't give it away; he can't lose it! Wunst in grace, allers in grace. He makech our feet as hens' feet."

Action.

"Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality—these are its crown;
Would'st thou illumine the tablets of story?
Build on achievements thy doom of renown."

Sick Headache and Debility.—Among the numerous advertised medicines for these complaints, none can be found so efficacious as the Oxygenated Bitters. They produce the most agreeable and invigorating effects.

New Books just received at the Book Store.

Lena Rivers, Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
The Heiress of Greenhurst, Mrs. Stephenson.
Adam Graeme of Mossgray, by the Author of Zaidee.
Indigenous Races of the Earth.
Inquire Within, or 8700 facts for the people.

For sale by E. W. OGBURN & Co.
June 24.

SUMMER DISTRIBUTION—COMMON SCHOOLS, 1857.

No.		No.		No.	
1	$26.18	27	$26.80	53	$34.00
2	24.48	28	40.46	54	32.80
3	26.86	29	25.16	55	37.74
4	25.84	30	41.14	56	30.60
5	44.54	31	29.58	57	39.44
6	32.30	32	31.62	58	21.08
7	27.50	33	52.62	59	35.70
8	28.56	34	48.62	60	24.14
9	28.56	35	19.72	61	23.46
10	26.52	36	48.62	62	21.42
11	23.80	37	36.72	63	24.14
12	23.80	38	58.48	64	20.40
13	17.68	39	10.88	65	23.80
14	20.74	40	23.12	66	18.70
15	23.46	41	23.22	67	23.12
16	34.68	42	39.78	68	24.14
17	24.82	43	27.20	69	9.52
18	25.50	44	17.68	70	13.60
19	30.60	45	24.48	71	38.76
20	7.48	46	29.24	72	18.02
21	25.50	47	23.12	73	17.68
22	31.96	48	24.54	74	26.86
23	46.24	49	16.32	75	25.16
24	36.72	50	44.54	76	15.64
25	22.44	51	14.62		
26	27.54	52	28.56		

84. E. W. OGBURN, Ch'n B. Sup't.

GREAT ATTRACTION AT S. ARCHER'S STORE.—The Subscriber is now receiving a superior stock of ready made Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Cravats, Collars, Suspenders, Pocket Handkerchiefs, Socks, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Trunks, Traveling Bags, Umbrellas and a great many other things too numerous to mention, and generally kept in a gentleman's furnishing store, to which he invites the attention of his friends, customers and the public. He flatters himself that he can and promises that he will offer them lower than any other house in this section of the country. These goods were bought low for cash, and will be sold low again for cash. Persons in want of such goods just call, examine and let the subscriber know that you have got the cash to pay for what you buy, and you will buy goods cheaper than you ever did before.

S. ARCHER.
East Market st., Greensboro, April 1, 1857.

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.—The subscriber being desirous of selling out, offers to the public his very valuable Plantation on which he now lives, situated on the Danville Road 10 miles from Greensboro. The tract is well timbered, well watered, has good bottom land, and has a good Dwelling House and all the necessary out buildings to render a farm residence pleasant, with a very good well in the yard. The Tract contains between 250 and 300 acres of Land.

It will be sold at private sale on reasonable terms and payments arranged to suit the purchaser. WM. D. SMITH.
July 13, 1857. 80-tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D. D. S. J. F. HOWLETT.

J. W. HOWLETT & SON, DENTISTS,

Respectfully offer their professional services to the citizens of Greensborough and all others who may desire operations performed on their teeth in the most approved, modern and scientific manner.

They are amply qualified to perform all and every operation pertaining in any way to Dental Surgery, unsurpassed for utility or beauty.

The Senior of the firm has in his possession Diplomas from the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, American Society of Dental Surgeons, and Dr. S. S. Fitch of Philadelphia, and has been in the regular practice of the profession for over twenty years.

They have furnished their Operating Rooms [on Market Street two doors above the Bland House,] in a handsome and comfortable manner for the reception of ladies, where one of the firm may always be found. Ladies will be waited on at their residences if desired.

January 1, 1856. 1-1y.

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE, having settled in Greensboro', where she expects to carry on Bleaching, Cutting, Triming and Shaping of Bonnets, flatters herself from her long experience in the business, that she can give satisfaction to all who may give her a call. She can make the most ill-shaped Bonnet look as bright as if new. She is prepared to furnish the most fashionable Trimmings.

All work sent from a distance shall be promptly attended to. One trial is all that is asked to give satisfaction.

Call in the corner house in the rear of Messrs. J. & F. GARRETT'S STORE. (44:tf)

Annals of Southern Methodism, 1856, Deems' for sale by
June 24. E. W. OGBURN & Co.

WALDRON'S GRASS & CRADLING Scythes, Hay & Manure Forks of the best quality for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

LAMPS.

A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

OAK RIDGE MALE INSTITUTE.—THE Fall Session of Oak Ridge, will open on the 27th of August next under the care and instruction of Rev. T. S. WHITTINGTON A. M., as Principal, with competent assistants.

Price of Tuition and Board as follows:—Tuition from $8 to $15 per session; Board $6 per month.

For further particulars, address the Principal, at Oak Ridge, Guilford county, N. C.
July 20th, 1857. 82::3m.

SIX MINUTE CHURNS.

ANOTHER Lot of these Celebrated Hydro Thermal Churns just at hand at Manufacturer's prices, only adding freight.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOOD COFFEE, just received and for sale by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

BOOK MUSLINS, JACONETT, Swiss & Cambric, both figured and plain. Diaper and Linen table covers, Whalebone and figured skirting, grass corded, and Hooped Skirts for sale at cash prices by
June 16. R. N. CALDWELL.

SOMETHING NEW!

A FAMILY PROVISION STORE! MRS. L. BENCINI has just received and opened a large supply of all kinds of

FAMILY GROCERIES,

which will be sold cheap for cash.

☞ Country produce taken in exchange at Market price. Sept. 22

DANBURY FEMALE SEMINARY, STOKES COUNTY, N. C.—This institution, located at Danbury, N. C., in the midst of the romantic mountain region of North-Carolina, and within a short distance of the Piedmont Springs, possesses unusual attractions; and the rare qualifications of the Instructors in imparting ornamental and useful learning, rank the Institution as one worthy of a most liberal patronage. Not only from its situation in one of the most beautiful and healthful portions of the State, but from the diligent and watchful care bestowed upon all who are placed in charge of the Principal, this School possesses peculiar advantages. Students are here prepared to enter any class in college. The Fall Session will open on the first Thursday in September, and close on the fourth Thursday in January following. The Spring Session will open on the same day, and continue twenty-one weeks. Pupils should consider the importance of being present at the opening.

Board can be had at from $6 to $7. Tuition in English course, 3—8—10, according to standing. Music $18; French $5. For futrther information adress ADA MOORE, Principal, Danbury, N. C. 6m

FARMERS HALL, Raleigh, N. C.

HARVEST.

July, 1856.

Grain and Grass Reapers.
Sinclair's, Montgomery, Rockaway Wheat Fans.
Heavy and light Horse Powers & Thrashers.
Revolving Horse Rakes.
Sinclair's and Grant's Grain Cradles.
Grain and Grass Blades, all sizes and best qualities.
Scythe Stones and Rakes, &c., &c.

Also,

Sinclair's French Burr Stone Grist Mill.
Ditto Iron Mill, & Corn & Cob Crushers combined warranted to grind table meal.
Scott's Little Giant, all sizes,
Sinclair's Little Champion, & Corn & Cob Crushers.
Leavelt's improved Young America.
McGregory's Agricultural Boilers, all sizes.
Sinclair's Horse and Hand Iron Propeller Straw Cutters.
Corn Shellers, &c., &c., all of which may be had at Manufacturer's prices, with freight only added.
JAMES M. TOWLES,
(27::tf) *Raleigh, N. C.*

Office N. C. Rail Road Co.,
SALISBURY, Sept. 8, 1857.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following Stock subscribed for in this Company will be sold for CASH on the 1st day of October next, at the Court House in the town of Salisbury, unless the amount due on said subscriptions shall be paid before the time of sale.

	No. of Shares.
E. D Austin now in the name of O. Gillespie,	15
Samuel N. Blake,	10
Dabney Cosbey,	79
Michael Davis,	3
C. DuPree,	1
M. M. Gladson,	1
James Griswald transferred to John Kennaday,	45
Seaton Gales,	2
C. M. D. Huchings,	2
L. E. Heartt,	1
John M. Long,	1
Richard Ligon,	1
Wm. McCauley,	1
C. Myers,	1
Patrick McGowan,	1
J. A. Parker,	1
J. B. Russell,	1
J. W. Scott,	1
W. S. Simpson,	2
S. H. Turrentine,	1
J. C. Turrentine,	25
S. & D. Teller,	3
J. A. Worth,	1
W. Ward,	1
Hart & Polly,	5

CYRUS P. MENDENHALL,
(88::3w) *Treasurer.*

TO MECHANICS, INVENTORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

In announcing the THIRTEENTH Annual Volume of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the Publishers respectfully inform the public that in order to increase and stimulate the formation of clubs, they propose to offer *one thousand five hundred dollars in Cash I remiums* for the fifteen largest lists of subscribers sent in by the 1st of January, 1858; said premiums to be distributed as follows:—

For the largest list, $300; 2d, 250; 3d, 200; 4th, 150; 5th, 100; 6th, 90; 7th, 80; 8th, 70; 9th, 60; 10th, 50; 11th, 40; 12th, 35; 13th, 30; 14th, 25; 15th, $20.

Names of subscribers can be sent in at different times and from different Post Offices. The cash will be paid to the orders of the successful competitors, immediately after the 1st of January, 1858.

Southern, Western and Canada money will be taken for subscriptions. Canadian subscribers will please to remit Twenty-six cents *extra* on each year's subscription to pre-pay postage.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two Dollars a year, or One Dollar for six months.

Club Rates.—Five copies, for six months, $4; five copies, for twelve months, $8; ten copies, for six months, $8: ten copies for twelve months, $15; twenty copies for twelve months, $28.

For all Clubs of Twenty and over, the yearly subscription is only $1.40.

The new volume will be printed upon fine paper with new type.

The general character of the Scientific American is well known, and, as heretofore, it will be chiefly devoted to the promulgation of information relating to the various *Mechanical and Chemical Arts, Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Mill Work*, and all interests which the light of *Practical Science* is calculated to advance. It is issued weekly, in form for binding; it contains annually from 500 to 600 finely executed Engravings, and Notices of American and European Improvements, together with an Official List of American Patent Claims published weekly in advance of all other papers.

It is the aim of the Editors of the Scientific American to present all subjects discussed in its columns in a practical and popular form. They will also endeavor to maintain a candid fearlessness in combating and exposing false theories and practices in Scientific and Mechanical matters, and thus preserve the character of the Scientific American as a reliable Enclopædia of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge.

☞ Specimen copies will be sent gratis to any part of the country.

MUNN & CO., Publishers and Patent Agents,
(90) No. 128 Fulton street, N. Y.

NOTICE—THE SUBSCRIBER is now prepared to furnish a superior quality of fancy Dress, Opery and Waterproof Boots, footing, &c. And will be sold very low for cash. He cannot do business unless he has money to make payments.

H. H. BRADY.
Greensboro, July 15. (80::3m)

W. GILMORE SIMMS' WORKS Complete, New and Revised Editions, with Illustrations. **Revolutionary Tales**—The Partisan; Mellichampe; Katharine Walton; The Scout; Woodcraft, The Forayers Eutaw; **Border Romances**—Guy Rivers; Richard Hurdis; Border Beagles; Charlemont; Beauchampe; Confession; The Yemassee; Southword, Ho! **Poems**—In two volumes. At the Book Store by
April 16. E. W. OGBURN & CO.

BOLTING CLOTHS and BURR MILL STONES.—The genuine Anker Brand Cloths of all Nos. from 1 to 11, inclusive, kept in full supply on hand. French Burr Mill Stones of any size, to order, and warranted, delivered at Wilmington, Fayetteville, or any Station on the N. C. Railroad.

R. G. LINDSAY,
April, 1857. N. E. corner of Elm & Market

MELANOTYPES AND AMBROTYPES:—The Subscriber would respectfully call the attention of the ladies and gentlemen of Greensborough and vicinity to his Melanotype Pictures which are taken on sheet iron manufactured expressly for the purpose. In richness of tone, warmth of expression, completeness of detail, and boldness of feature, good Melanotypes are not surpassed for durability. There is no question of their superiority. They will receive a fall without a fracture, a bend without injury; may be washed off when soiled, be handled without the face being marred, unless abused by rough scratching which would deface the best oil painting; they are susceptible of high and very beautiful coloring; they are suitable for Lockets, Breast-pins, Rings, &c. The above pictures are taken and put up in a style not surpassed in the State.

Prices varying from **$1.00** to **$10.00**, according to size and quality. Transparent pictures put up by the New Silicated process.

Room No. 4 on 2nd story of Garrett's New Brick Building.
May 6. A. STARRETT.

TEXT Books, used in Colleges and Common Schools, kept constantly on hand B by
J. W. OGURN.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!!

The public are informed that the subscriber is at work at his old stand on West Market Street and ready to receive orders, for anything in his line of business which will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. The character of his work is too well known in this and surrounding counties to make it necessary to say more than, he will do his best on all work he engages to make.

A Full Supply of Metalic Coffins from 2 feet 6 inches to 6 feet 4 inches in lenght. Coffins made to order on short notice.

"You will take due notice thereof and govern yourself accordingly."

P. THURSTON, *Agent.*
July 1, 1857.

PROSPECTUS OF THE NORTH CAROLINA JOURNAL OF EDUCATION.

—At the recent meeting of the N. C. Educational Association, in Warrenton, the undersigned were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements for publishing a monthly Journal, with the above title.

Having made arrangements for issuing the first No. in September next, they call, with confidence, upon the friends of Education throughout the State, and especially upon Teachers and School Officers, to send subscriptions immediately, that they may be enabled to go on with the work. They feel assured that, if those, who have the educational interests of our State at heart, will exert themselves, the number of subscribers, requisite to insure complete success, can be secured within one week, after the publication of this prospectus.

The Journal is to be devoted entirely to the interests of Education, and will be published under the auspices of the State Educational Association. It will be the organ of the Association and of all affiliated or subordinate Associations in the State. It will labor to promote the great cause of Education, in all its grades, as *one cause*; and to foster a general sympathy between teachers and officers of Common Schools, Academies and Colleges, as co-laborers in that *one great cause*. It will strive to advance the interests of the COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF THE STATE, as underlying all other interests, and sustaining, on its vast granite base, our great educational structure, and will furnish a channel of communication between the General Superintendent of Common Schools and those who feel an interest in their welfare. The Journal will be edited by a Board of Editors, composed of C. H. wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools, and a number of the leading Teachers of the State, and one local Editor, who will receive all communications and superintend the publication.

All communications should be addressed to *the Editor of the Journal of Education, Greensboro, N. C.*

TERMS:—The Journal will be published monthly, in magazine form, in handsome style, and will contain 48 pages, at *the following rates*:

One copy, one year,.....$2
Six copies, " " (to one address).....10

Subscriptions required invariably *in advance*, and receipts sent in the first No.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

	One year.	*6 months.*	*3 months.*	*1 month.*
One page	$75.....	$40.....	$22.....	$8
Half "	40.....	22.....	12.....	5
¼ "	22.....	12.....	7.....	3
16 lines	12.....	7.....	4.....	2

Advertisements by the year payable quarterly. All others monthly.

Teachers sending $50 for 25 subscribers will be entitled to advertisements of their Schools, of 16 lines, for one year.

There are at all times a number of Schools of all grades, needing teachers and of teachers who want situations; and it is not at all uncommon for parties situated to advertise their desires and wants in papers not expressly devoted to the cause of Education. If all such, by general consent, would keep standing notices in the Journal, it would be an easy matter for teachers to find out all vacant situations, and for Committees and Trustees to learn the address of all teachers wanting places.

It is, therefore, the desire of the conductors of the Journal to publish a Directory of this kind, and to all who will furnish standing notices of their wants very liberal deductions will be made from the usual advertising rates.

☞ The papers of the State are respectfully requested to publish this Prospectus and thus aid in advancing the cause of Education.

C. H. WILEY,
G. W. BROOKS,
C. C. COLE,
W. W. HOLDEN,
WM. ROBINSON,
Committee of the N. C. Educational Association.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—Important Announcement to all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the vice of Onanism, or Self Abuse, &c., &c.

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, have directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all persons thus afflicted, who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.) and in cases of extreme poverty and suffering, to furnish Medicines *free of charge*.

The Howard Association is a benevolent Institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with "Virulent and Epidemic Diseases." It has now a surplus of means, which the Directors have voted to expend in advertising the above notice. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

Just published, by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the vice of Onanism, Masturbation or Self Abuse, and other diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed envelope,) *free of charge*, on the receipt of *TWO STAMPS* for postage.

Address, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, President.
GEO. FAIRCHILD, Secretary. (53:1y)

NEW BOOKS—JUST RECEIVED.—The Star and Cloud, or a Daughter's Love, by A. S. Poe; The Artist's Bride, or the Pawn Broker's Heir, Bennet; The American Citizen, Hopkins; The Violet, or the Cross and the Crown, McIntosh; Life of Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy, Stewart; Poems of Ossian; Old Horne, the Pawn-Broker, or the Orphan's Legacy; My last Cruise, or Where we went and What we saw, Hubersham; The Rangers and the Regulators of the Tanaha; Vicar of Wakefield, Goldsmith; Hood's Poems; Longfellow's Poems; Counsel to the Awakened, or Path of Safety; Poems National and Patriotic by Cutter; Torrey's Interest Tables; The Prince of the House of David, Patton; Humorous Poetry of the English Language; Eliza Cook's Poems; Bancroft's History of the United States, six volumes; Cyclopedia of American Literature,